

AUGUST 17, 1917.—[PART I]

Established 1851
BROADWAY AND HILL STREETSMilitary
Unit That Is a
Part of the Times

\$25.00

VONETS
VS. I.W.W.Measures May Go to
Northwest.Measures, if Needed,
Keep Nation's War
Industries Going.Many Other Styles for
Men in Wilshire Clothes
\$18.00 to \$25.00.Sports Have Soft
Match, \$2.50
considered veryCrepe cloth, in
silk shirts
and plated col-Neckwear at 65
cavets specially purchased from
leading neckwear manufacturers
fancy silks and of light-weight
55c.

Straw Hat Sale

Offers a splendid opportunity
for men who wants a fresh new straw
hat which to finish the season
\$2.50, \$3.00\$2.50 Straw
Now All Re-

died for August

\$1.00

Men's Store—Main Floor

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to Be Sent to State.

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Order to Fight Reds.

Red of Sports.

Montana Counties.

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Wisconsin Assembly denounced the

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Illinois coal operators reject Gov-

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First motorist in Detroit to be con-

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tence.

WASHINGTON. Government control

of the coal industry, as war measure,

seems imminent, following hearing by

the Senate Committee which operates and mines are present.

Troops were sent to four states in the

Northwest, if necessary, to keep

nation's war industries moving, despite

I.W.W. efforts to cripple them.

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Uehara and Masatomo Yamana.

(Continued on Third Page.)

SOCIETY NEWS.

At Hotels and on Railway Trains, In

On Streets and News Stands, 2 Cents



CHICAGO

"Bill of, action, and on, and on."

MORNING.

AUGUST 18, 1917.

1781
1917
LOS ANGELES

Liberty Under Law—Equal Rights—True Industrial Freedom

FRENCH FORCE BACK GERMANS IN THE YPRES AREA.

All the Allied Governments to Answer the Pope's Peace Proposal.

By Quarter.

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DECISION
TO ACT.
Joint Reply on the
Peace Plan.
Complete Statement by the
Entente Powers Finally
Assured.Secretary of State Lansing
Carefully Weighing the
Vatican Plan.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—The food administration is continuing with its preparations for the strike in the Northwest. The Department of Justice and Labor, the Board of Trade and conciliators, and other government agencies were studying with some apprehension today the situation in the Northwest, and were prepared, it was said, to take immediate steps to meet any developments.

Secretary Wilson of the Labor Department, returning to Washington after an absence of several days, received reports on the situation and his department could be utilized to keep quiet close to it without delay.

The board of arbitration and conciliators, while without direct representation in the territory affected, is prepared to act quickly in case the threatened strike should result in interruption to train service. G. W. V. Hanger of the board is in San Francisco.

Department of Justice investigators are inclined to view the situation with some apprehension and a desire to avoid a strike which would affect the workers of the World War.

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Five Thousand Workmen Ready to be Mobilized to Get Out Lumber for Government

Team Work.

HILL OWNERS PREPARE TO BREAK THE STRIKE.

Threats of I.W.W. to Call a General Walkout are not Feared.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE)

SATTLE, Aug. 17.—Close to 5,000 men in lumber camps and mills north of Everett stand ready to be mobilized at various points in the State to assist in getting out the lumber contracted for government work, according to an announcement today by the West Coast Lumbermen's Association, after it had completed a canvass of the situation. The association is now at work on a canvas of the mill and lumber workers throughout the state, to see if all men of the organization would stay Monday unless released from jails, where they are held illegally, according to Industrial Workers of the World officials. It was said, however, that the strike would be resorted to without hesitation.

In view of the nature of the demands made by the I.W.W., including the release of all members of the organization in prison in the four States, it was thought likely that the strike would be called. The demand is regarded by officials here as preposterous and unlikely to be met, since the I.W.W. is the only intelligent nation whose prestige and liberalism could swing the others into line.

The Spokane County Council of Defense voted today to send speakers into the wheat fields, orchards and construction and lumber camps to speak to the workers from the strike committee of the I.W.W.

"We further action on the proposals of Gov. Lister to end the strike is contemplated at the present moment, according to the statement of J. G. McLean, president of the International String Weavers' Union, said that his organization had taken no further action toward mediation and arbitration, and does not believe such steps would again be taken.

The government has been turned down on every proposition by the mill owners, it is felt, as a result of its own statements, are weary of the strike," Mr. Brown said today. "Gov. Lister's proposal was a 'no' one," he added, "and should have given more attention by the mill owners."

L.W.W. THREATS.

Thousands of the Industrial Workers of the World to call a general strike in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana, unless members of that organization were released from jail will not affect the lumber situation in Western Washington, the lumbermen say. It is claimed by the operators that all the lumbermen have been arrested and left their employment during the first two weeks of July.

Lumber mills of Western Washington, except of normal production and are able to supply all the demands put upon them at the reduced level, operators said today. They are all in delay in executing government orders, and it is for that purpose that the can't be up to date man is being used.

It was said today that many of the men do not welcome the suggestion of Gov. Lister for eight hours' work and nine hours' pay. They are now receiving ten hours' pay for eight hours' work, they say, and they claim acceptance of the Governor's plan would mean a 10 per cent cut in their income.

PATRIOTIC APPEAL.

SEATTLE (Wash.) Aug. 17.—Proposed signals will be issued in the wheat fields of Eastern Washington to combat the threatened strike of the Industrial Workers of the World.

I.W.W.

WOULD USE PHOSPHOROUS TO BURN WHEAT FIELDS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE)

BOMBS (Idaho) Aug. 17.—The Industrial Workers of the World are preparing to use phosphorous bombs which will burn grain fields and grain held in storage throughout Idaho, Oregon and Washington, according to information sent to sheriffs of Idaho here tonight by Harvey Allred, director of the State Farm Bureau.

Alred claims the phosphorous is being organized in nearly all of the principal towns throughout the Snake River Valley to guard against the destruction of property by the Industrial Workers of the World.

Refutation.

GOV. STEWART DENIES "DIRECT ACTION" REPORT.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE)

HELENA, Aug. 17.—Gov. S. V. Stewart, who attended the recent conference of northwestern governors at Portland, denied today the statement credited to him in dispatches from Portland that he had said "direct action" was necessary in dealing with the I.W.W.

The Portland papers did not print such a statement and it was understood to find upon my return to

Montana that the newspapers had given it publicity," Gov. Stewart said. "No such statement was made by me inside or outside the conference nor by any Governor in attendance. Our conference was for the purpose of planning to prevent the I.W.W. from resorting to such measures as 'direct action'."

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The Pacific Slope

LOSE
BALLOONS.SCIENTISTS IN
GREAT BATTLEman's Best are Arrayed
against the Germans.Food Director has Great
Hopes of California.Astronomer is
Guest at Banquet.Object is to Prevent
Profit and Win War.INT A. P. NIGHT WIRE,
SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—Ralph P. Merritt, appointed food commissioner for California, was here today in which he predicted that California would produce and conserve more in the coming year than ever before. He said: "The astronomer was the guest of honor, and sharing at his table, were sixteen Farmers who are serving on the various boards in Pasadena and the people of the State who are engaged in the food industry have fully supported the plans of Mr. Hoover. I am confident that California will do more food and conserve more in the coming year than in any other since the war began."

Our organization will be voluntary, and we propose to do as possible all the educational and voluntary agencies which our country services. Fellow citizens have already been from Gov. Staples and a great body of scientists who were declared these members which will be convened upon a voluntary basis to measure up to the man-made needs of the organization of food and other vital substances.

THE PURPOSE.

The purpose of the food administration is:

First: To aid in winning the war by supplying food for our own men and women, and, second, to supply our own men and women cheaply as possible.

Work of the food administration covers not only the manufacture and distribution of food, but also the German menace before co-operation with the Department of Agriculture.

"The world as a whole is in several different nations now, and Germany would shortize, which will begin a war. He told important bearing on our life, not only as affecting the welfare of supporting our allies but in the ultimate results of our range of operations."

"Aside from the necessary increasing our production and our wants, and maintaining the food which is authorized by the food bill to our national handling of food and speculation."

PORTLAND PASTOR

NEW COLLEGE

INT A. P. NIGHT WIRE,
SPOKANE, Aug. 17.—Rev. M. Skinner, pastor of the Park Presbyterian Church, has been elected Whitworth College of Spokane to succeed Dr. Hale. The trust was attended by about 100 men, women and children.

HOPEFUL

Rev. Mr. Skinner showed that he had been studying the idea of a municipal rating to Los Angeles. He called to the records of the church, and on a Sunday afternoon creating what is known as the municipal right-of-way.

The house will be sold under the direction of the Commission, and for a salary of \$250 a month.

REQUEST THE RE

OF DEPORTED M

INT A. P. NIGHT WIRE,
SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—Deputations requesting Fredrickson to have returned to their permanently 1,100 miners recently deported from New Mexico to Columbus, N. M., were by the Building Trades San Francisco and Ameri-

Other resolutions addressed Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and the National Committee of the Red Cross.

PACEMAKER AUTO

AT SAN FRANC

LABOR AGITATORS

HOLD A CONFERENCE

INT A. P. NIGHT WIRE,
VANCOUVER (Wash.), Aug. 17.—Three members of the engineer association, Officers' Reserve Corps, received their commissions at Vancouver barracks today and were ordered to remain here to act as instructors at the second Reserve Camp. They are Capt. John F. Swartz, First Lieutenant, Oakland, and First Lieutenant Raymond H. Hill, Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES MAN

GETS COMMISSION.

INT A. P. NIGHT WIRE,
OTTAWA (Ont.), Aug. 17.—Exportation of flour to the United States was prohibited today through an order of council issued at the instance of the Canadian food controller. The order is to be in force during the life of a previous order permitting the exportation of wheat, which was specified, however, that the food controller could issue export licenses for wheat, if necessary.

CANADIANS PLACE

EMBARGO ON FLOUR.

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DUTCH WOULD WELCOME

PROPOSAL TO STOP WAR

INT A. P. NIGHT WIRE,
THE HAGUE, Aug. 17.—Though the Dutch government is silent on the Pope's peace proposal, it is perfectly clear that the whole of Holland would give the most cordial welcome to a peace based on principles guaranteeing a peace that would be lasting. The economic situation is growing worse and worse, and many of the people are willing to welcome any peace.

But responsible circles have followed the distinct policy that as soon as peace by negotiations on the basis of the ideas of President Wilson's speech to the United States, it would be possible for him to put the belligerents in a position to adjust labor disputes involving government work by compulsory arbitration was taken up.

STRIKE AGITATION

SENSED AT BERLIN.

INT ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P. COPIENHAGEN, Aug. 16.—A renewal of strike agitation in war industries, evidently on the part of ex-socialists, is reported from Berlin. A similar notice says that circulators are being distributed among munition factories advocating a walk-out.

The notice appeals to the workers not to be misled and not to desert and betray their brothers fighting in the east and west.

DEMOCRATIC ACTION.

INT ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P. COPENHAGEN, Aug. 16.—Owing to a renewal of strike agitation in war industries, evidently on the part of ex-socialists, is reported from Berlin. A similar notice says that circulators are being distributed among munition factories advocating a walk-out.

The notice appeals to the workers not to be misled and not to desert and betray their brothers fighting in the east and west.

PHYSICIANS' TRIAL SET.

INT ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P. COPENHAGEN, Aug. 16.—The trial of the two physicians, Dr. Daniel D. Lucey, who has thrice appeared in trial before Police Judge Fredericksen on a charge of violating the Harrison act, was held yesterday. His trial was reset yesterday. Dr. Lucey was detained two months ago in connection with the arrest of Mrs. Anna C. Bard, wife of Thomas G. Bard of Oxnard.

A PACIFIC FRONT

INT ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P. COPENHAGEN, Aug. 16.—The trial of the two physicians, Dr. Daniel D. Lucey, who has thrice appeared in trial before Police Judge Fredericksen on a charge of violating the Harrison act, was held yesterday. His trial was reset yesterday. Dr. Lucey was detained two months ago in connection with the arrest of Mrs. Anna C. Bard, wife of Thomas G. Bard of Oxnard.

PROPERTY AWAITING HIM.

INT ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P. COPENHAGEN, Aug. 16.—The trial of the two physicians, Dr. Daniel D. Lucey, who has thrice appeared in trial before Police Judge Fredericksen on a charge of violating the Harrison act, was held yesterday. His trial was reset yesterday. Dr. Lucey was detained two months ago in connection with the arrest of Mrs. Anna C. Bard, wife of Thomas G. Bard of Oxnard.

Opposition to a peace conference

was feared from the part of the western Allies, but it is hoped that the German utterances and bring the Allies

BOTH SUCUMB
TO OPERATIONS.Widow of Missionary Follows
Him in Same Way He
was Summarized.

It is a singular coincidence

that Mrs. Alieah Werner

Cook, who passed away at

the Good Samaritan Hospital

late Thursday without regaining

consciousness after undergoing

a surgical operation, was

the widow of the late Andrew

Cook, who died at Waukegan,

Ill., last October, also after

undergoing a surgical operation.

Mrs. Cooks was 48 years old.

She leaves a sister, Helen O.

Cook, of Waukegan. The late

Mr. Cooks was vice-president

of the N. W. Harris Co. in

Waukegan. He also was presi-

dent of the Waukegan Board

of Education and owner of the

Cicero Province Electric Rail-

way.

The people of the State

have been very generous

in their contributions to the

war effort.

It is generally recognized that

the Socialists have the advantage at

this time, and only a miraculous

transformation of sentiment can

prevent a Socialist victory.

The three commissioners of the Citizens'

Committee were elected. The

Commission is composed of five

members, and if the Socialists are

elected, they will have control of the

government.

NEW WHEAT TRUST

QUARTERS IN GOTHAM.

INT A. P. NIGHT WIRE,

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—New

York will be made headquarters of

the food administration's \$25,000,-

000-wheat-buying corporation.

Julius H. Rosenwald, president of the corporation, and his wife, was announced to-

day to go to New York within

a few days to open general offices.

Twelve branch offices in the wheat-buying centers will report direct to the central organization.

A committee under President Gar-

field of William C. Cole, which will

set a price for the 1917 crop before

Sept. 1, the date on which the wheat control becomes operative.

ST. QUENTIN HOUSES

ARE STILL AFIRE.

INT A. P. NIGHT WIRE,

BERLIN, Aug. 17 (via London).—

The supplementary official statement

issued by the German War Office

this evening reads:

"In Flanders and near Verdun

only there have been artillery duels

of varying intensity."

"At St. Quentin, houses in the imme-

diate vicinity of the cathedral are

burning. The continual bombardment

of the French is extending the

front."

There is nothing special to report

from the eastern front."

CANADIANS PLACE

EMBARGO ON FLOUR.

INT A. P. NIGHT WIRE,

OTTAWA (Ont.), Aug. 17.—Repor-

tation of flour to the United

States was prohibited today through

an order of council issued at the

instance of the Canadian food controller.

The order is to be in force

during the life of a previous order

permitting the exportation of wheat,

which was specified, however,

that the food controller could issue

export licenses for wheat, if necessary.

LOS ANGELES MAN

GETS COMMISSION.

INT A. P. NIGHT WIRE,

VANCOUVER (Wash.), Aug. 17.—

Three members of the engineer asso-

ciation, Officers' Reserve Corps, re-

ceived their commissions at Van-

couver barracks today and were or-

dered to remain here to act as in-

structors at the second Reserve Camp.

They are Capt. John

F. Swartz, First Lieutenant, Oak-

land, and First Lieutenant Raymond

H. Hill, Los Angeles.

RECEPITIVE.

INT ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.

THE HAGUE, Aug. 17.—Labor

conditions were discussed today at

a conference between President Wil-

son, Gompers and the American Fed-

eration of Labor; John Walker, presi-

dent of the Illinois Federation, and

John Fitzpatrick, president of the Chi-

cago Federation. None of them ad-

mitted the conference, but it is re-

ported that the recent action of the

National Defense Council in cre-

ating a commission to adjust labor

disputes involving government work by

compulsory arbitration was taken up.

During the summer a series

of strikes and lockouts in which the

leading men of the labor movement

and professional men of the

country participated.

The strike was the first of the

old political parties.

NEW YEAR

It is hoped.

PEACE MEETING TO END DRAFT DIFFERENCES

State Board to Expend Uniform Exemption Plan Monday Night.

Local District Exemption Board will hold a public meeting at Trinity Auditorium Monday night at 8 o'clock sharp for the purpose of explaining to the local boards and all concerned the aims of the association, the increasing spirit of faith and the expression of human opinion by the people which constitutes a draft act, and says the peace plan to the second category.

The Mattie Declares Pope has transmitted offers of peace, which complains that the vague and essentially peaceful or Catholic, are not used. The Eclaire, strongest sheet paper, limits its comments speaking enthusiastically to arbitration and society of the Pope's neutrality. The Picard says the Pope's neutrality is the best way to set forth their war aims of the Entente being sincerely known.

The Mattie concludes its series with: "The Pope has transmitted the peace offers of the various Powers."

The Catholic Gaulois makes

distinction between the science

of faith and the expression

of human opinion by the people

which constitutes a draft act,

and says the peace plan to

the second category.

The Petit Parisien, the most

ly moderate newspaper, is

indicated by the forecast

presses astonishment that the

war are not denounced.

MODIFIES ORDER

SELF-STYLED "SPY"

TAKEN INTO CUSTODY

(By A. P. DAY WILSON)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—Karl Armgaard Graves, 26, who was working for the Department was the direct hit his arrest last night in Kansas City, Mo., where he had been representing himself as a western cities as representative of the State Department, and it was to take him into custody.

GRAVES HELD IN JAIL

(By A. P. DAY WILSON)

KANSAS CITY (Mo.), Aug. 17.—Federal authorities continued to hold in custody Dr. Karl Armgaard Graves, 26, who was held yesterday in jail here as a spy. The Federal authorities had been representing himself as a western cities as representative of the State Department, and it was to take him into custody.

AMONG GRAVES'S POSSessions

found documents relating to the establishment of a secret organization.

BARRING SALES

(By A. P. DAY WILSON)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—The War Department has issued an order prohibiting sales within half a mile of any camp so as not to be purely temporary camps.

The modification was

situation in Kansas City were closed troops being mobilized in training Hall.

Under the new rules no

temporary mobilization will be carried out by officers who will be dependent on strain their men.

REGULAR ARMY FAIR ABOVE WAR STRIKE

(By A. P. DAY WILSON)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—Volunteers for the regular army prices from \$10.00 to \$25.00. Fashionable, sumptuously trimmed, white, black and colors.

W.C.T. WOMEN'S KNIT UNDER VESTS 25 CTS.

Stitch side made with low neck and without sides.

REGULAR CLEARANCE IN CHILDREN'S SECTION.

Reductions representative of the entire

WALL CLEARANCE AT \$5.95 IN BLOUSES AT \$2.95.

Woolen styles in tub silk, lingerie and voile blouses.

EX-RODEO 1.00 KNIT UNDERWEAR

AT 60 CTS. A GARMENT.

Woolen and separate garments. All good styles, all

handmade and perfect fitting.

REGULAR CLEARANCE IN WOOL SUITINGS

AT \$1.95 A YARD.

Woolen and striped and checked velours, all 54

inches wide.

REGULAR STOCK OF FANCY RIBBONS.

Corsets \$1.50 A PAIR.

Woolen and made in values up to \$3.50.

VALUES TO \$1.25 SHORT SILK GLOVES

AT 60 CTS. A PAIR.

Woolen silk gloves in white, black and colors.

VALUES TO \$2.75 GINGHAM BREAKFAST SETS

\$1.75.

Woolen good-looking garments in pretty stripes and

gingham, and in

comparatively bright and

attractive colors.

VALUES TO \$2.75 TUB SILK PETTICOATS AT \$2.45.

Woolen and in dainty flowered effects.

VALUED JEWELRY NOVELTIES AT 50 CTS.

Woolen and \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50. An endless collection of

VALUED SLIP-ON AND COAT SWEATERS AT \$5.95.

Woolen and in rod colors, collared, pocketed and belted

in sizes.

VALUED ONYX LISLE HOSE 29 CTS. A PAIR.

Woolen in slate and medium weights, tan laces and

holes. Also filled with elastic.

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Religious.
CONFERENCE AT BALBOA BEACH.

Biblical Prophecies will be General Theme.

Noted Scripture Students are on Programme.

General News of Local Flocks and Shepherds.

Notable among the religious movements of the Pacific Coast is the prophetic conference, which will be held in the chapel, Balboa Beach, from the 23rd to the 26th inst., inclusive. Two sessions will be held daily, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and at 7:30 o'clock in the evening. There will also be a Sunday service at 3 o'clock.

Studies and discussions of biblical prophecies will be the main theme of this conference, and notable Biblical students of the United States will be included in the list of speakers.

Among the speakers who have been engaged to take part in this conference are Dr. Arno C. Gaebelein, New York City; W. H. Blackstone, pastor First Baptist Church; Dr. George K. Parr, pastor Calvary Baptist Church, Los Angeles; Dr. Campbell Coyle, pastor Highland Park Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles; Dr. George W. Lovis, pastor Grace Tabernacle, Los Angeles; Dr. G. A. Briele, pastor Westlake Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles; Dr. L. Bauman, pastor United Brethren Church; Dr. W. E. McDonald, pastor First Methodist Church; Dr. J. H. Sammis, Highland Park; Rev. John H. Hunter, secretary of faculty, Bible Institute of Los Angeles; T. C. Howes, superintendent, First Unitarian Church; Rev. Vernon V. Morgan, pastor of The Chapel, will be glad to engage accommodations in advance for any who wish to spend the entire period of the beach.

**DR. TURK TO SPEAK.
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL.**

Dr. Morris H. Turk, pastor of the Westminster Congregational Church of Kansas City, will preach at the First Congregational Church tomorrow, both morning and evening. Dr. Turk was for two years co-pastor of this church with Dr. William Horan. Day and carried on the pastoral work after the departure during the year's absence of Dr. Day on his tour around the world. He has many warm friends here, who will welcome the opportunity of hearing him again. His morning sermon will be "The Sword of Christ"—a topic peculiarly adapted to the spirit of these troublous times. Departing from the traditional sermon, it will teach a doctrine of the pre-eminence of Christ as a pacifist at any price. In the evening Dr. Turk's subject will be "As a Nation Thinks," when he will make a national application of the familiar phrase "As a man thinks, etc." He will compare the national thought of America with that of Germany, the result of which has brought about the present world-wide.

**BIBLE INSTITUTE.
GAEBELEIN ON PROPHECY.**

Dr. A. C. Gaebelein begins to-morrow the third week of his Bible lectures in Bible Institute Auditorium. His inspired expositions of the scriptures have drawn large audiences. His topics tomorrow will be as follows: Morning—"The Angels of God and Their Ministry"; 10:30 a.m.—"Coming Events Casting Their Shadow"; 1 p.m.—"The Overcomer"; Evening—"Proclamations." On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock, he will lecture on "Prophecy." The public is cordially invited to all services. The Sunday afternoon address is an eloquent and enlightening presentation of the signs of the times.

TEMPLE BAPTIST.

DR. BROUGHTON'S SERMONS. Dr. J. Whitcomb Broughton, who has been absent on a two months' lecture tour, will preach at both services of the Temple Baptist Church in Temple Auditorium, Friday and Saturday evenings. His morning sermon will be on "Selected Lives, or the Honor of Being Drafted." His evening topic will be the first of a series of "Old World War Stories." "Midnight Ride on the Continental Divide." Special musical programmes have been provided for each service.

KROTONA INSTITUTE.

L. W. ROGERS' PRACTICAL LECTURES FOR THE THEOPHILIC SOCIETY. L. W. Rogers, practical lecturer for the Theophilic Society, will speak tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock at Krotona Institute of Theosophy, Hollywood, on "The Inner Mystery, the Mind and the Soul." The lecture will be one portion of the lecture, which will be handled in the light of theosophy. Dr. Rev. James I. Wedgwood, presiding bishop of the old school Methodists of the British Empire, will celebrate mass tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock at Krotona. The public is invited to attend the mass and to the lecture.

TRINITY AUDITORIUM.

MAN FROM THE TRENCHER. Tomorrow night in Trinity Auditorium, Samuel C. Benson, who is back from the trenches in France, will speak on "Back from Hell." The Trinity Auditorium will be filled with patriotic songs, "Patriotism," "The Patriotic Prayer," and Miss Florence Wallace will sing a solo, "Come Unto Him." In the afternoon Dr. Charles C. Selecman will preach on "Divine Power," and there will be a special musical program.

BISHOP MC CONNELL.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH. Bishop Frank J. McConnell of Denver will preach in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Sixth and Hill streets, at both morning and evening services. He is said to be one of the most brilliant preachers and lecturers in America today, and is in California for the time being one of the most attractive in the Long Beach Chautauqua. Dr. Charles Edward Locke, the pastor, will return from his vacation this week.

CENTRAL BAPTIST.

"END OF THE WORLD" TALK. Rev. James C. Goodfield will preach in the Central Baptist Church, Alvarado and Pico streets, tomorrow evening, his second sermon in a series on "The End of the World." His subject will be "Will Jesus Set up a World Kingdom When He Returns? Will He Reign in Palestine 1000 Years?" Is it the Fifth Monarchy Men? Come?" In the morning Rev. J. W. Payne of San Francisco

will preach on "The Man Who Found Himself." There will be special music at both services.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

SUBJECT FOR TOMORROW. The Christian Science tomorrow in the eleven Christian Science churches of Los Angeles will be "Soul." The services will be conducted at 11 o'clock in the morning and 8 o'clock in the evening, except in the Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh churches, where the evening service will be omitted.

NOTED SCRIPTURE STUDENTS ARE ON PROGRAMME.

GENERAL NEWS OF LOCAL FLOCKS AND SHEPHERDS.

NOTABLE AMONG THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST IS THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE, WHICH WILL BE HELD IN THE CHAPEL, BALBOA BEACH, FROM THE 23RD TO THE 26TH INST., INCLUSIVE. TWO SESSIONS WILL BE HELD DAILY, AT 10 O'CLOCK IN THE FORENOON, AND AT 7:30 O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING. THERE WILL ALSO BE A SUNDAY SERVICE AT 3 O'CLOCK.

STUDIES AND DISCUSSIONS OF BIBLICAL PROPHETIES WILL BE THE MAIN THEME OF THIS CONFERENCE, AND NOTABLE BIBLICAL STUDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES WILL BE INCLUDED IN THE LIST OF SPEAKERS.

AMONG THE SPEAKERS WHO HAVE BEEN ENGAGED TO TAKE PART IN THIS CONFERENCE ARE DR. ARNO C. GAEBELEIN, NEW YORK CITY; W. H. BLACKSTONE, PASTOR FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH; DR. GEORGE K. PARR, PASTOR CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, LOS ANGELES; DR. CAMPBELL COYLE, PASTOR HIGHLAND PARK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, LOS ANGELES; DR. GEORGE W. LOVIS, PASTOR GRACE TABERNACLE, LOS ANGELES; DR. G. A. BRIELE, PASTOR WESTLAKE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, LOS ANGELES; DR. L. BAUMAN, PASTOR UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH; DR. W. E. MCDONALD, PASTOR FIRST METHODIST CHURCH; DR. J. H. SAMMIS, HIGHLAND PARK; REV. JOHN H. HUNTER, SECRETARY OF FACULTY, BIBLE INSTITUTE OF LOS ANGELES; T. C. HOWES, SUPERINTENDENT, FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH; REV. VERNON V. MORGAN, PASTOR OF THE CHAPEL, WILL BE GLAD TO ENGAGE ACCOMMODATIONS IN ADVANCE FOR ANY WHO WISH TO SPEND THE ENTIRE PERIOD OF THE BEACH.

DR. TURK TO SPEAK. FIRST CONGREGATIONAL. Dr. Morris H. Turk, pastor of the Westminster Congregational Church of Kansas City, will preach at the First Congregational Church tomorrow, both morning and evening. Dr. Turk was for two years co-pastor of this church with Dr. William Horan. Day and carried on the pastoral work after the departure during the year's absence of Dr. Day on his tour around the world. He has many warm friends here, who will welcome the opportunity of hearing him again. His morning sermon will be "The Sword of Christ"—a topic peculiarly adapted to the spirit of these troublous times. Departing from the traditional sermon, it will teach a doctrine of the pre-eminence of Christ as a pacifist at any price. In the evening Dr. Turk's subject will be "As a Nation Thinks," when he will make a national application of the familiar phrase "As a man thinks, etc." He will compare the national thought of America with that of Germany, the result of which has brought about the present world-wide.

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DR. MORRIS H. TURK, PASTOR OF THE WESTMINSTER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF KANSAS CITY, WILL PREACH AT THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH TOMORROW, BOTH MORNING AND EVENING. DR. TURK WAS FOR TWO YEARS CO-PASTOR OF THIS CHURCH WITH DR. WILLIAM HORAN. DAY AND CARRIED ON THE PASTORAL WORK AFTER THE DEPARTURE DURING THE YEAR'S ABSENCE OF DR. DAY ON HIS TOUR AROUND THE WORLD. HE HAS MANY WARM FRIENDS HERE, WHO WILL WELCOME THE OPPORTUNITY OF HEARING HIM AGAIN. HIS MORNING SERMON WILL BE "THE SWORD OF CHRIST"—A TOPIC PEAKLY ADAPTED TO THE SPIRIT OF THESE TROUBLOUS TIMES. DEPARTING FROM THE TRADITIONAL SERMON, IT WILL TEACH A DOCTRINE OF THE PRE-EMINENCE OF CHRIST AS A PACIFIST AT ANY PRICE. IN THE EVENING DR. TURK'S SUBJECT WILL BE "AS A NATION THINKS," WHEN HE WILL MAKE A NATIONAL APPLICATION OF THE FAMILIAR PHRASE "AS A MAN THINKS, ETC." HE WILL COMPARE THE NATIONAL THOUGHT OF AMERICA WITH THAT OF GERMANY, THE RESULT OF WHICH HAS BROUGHT ABOUT THE PRESENT WORLD-WIDE.

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TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

(At Home:) Reports in Wall street that the steel manufacturers and the government soon would come to an agreement as to war prices had a tendency to strengthen issues in this big industrial group on the New York Stock Exchange. United States Steel closed at a net gain of 15 points. Bofors were irregular on limited offerings.

(Abroad:) A cablegram from Lisbon says that the Official Journal there announces that all silver and copper money will be withdrawn from circulation throughout Portugal. It will be replaced by paper.

THE YOUNG ENTERTAINERS.
Some young society women of California are thinking of asking the War Department for permission to go to France and arrange a series of entertainments and dances for the American soldiers. The young women don't worry. The young men will always find entertainment somewhere in France.

THE SUFFRAGETTE'S MISTAKE.

While The Times cannot command the action of the 2,000 citizens, soldiers, sailors and marines who made a rough house of Cameron House at Washington, this newspaper finds it hard to condemn patriotic Americans who became interested in the women who had started for the White House carrying banners addressed to "Kaiser Wilson."

OUT IN THE OPEN.
Victor Murdoch announces his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator from Kansas to succeed Senator Thompson. He made the race for the same job on the Progressive ticket in 1914 and lost. Mighty glad he has come out in the open. We shall now know where to point the Republican big 4's.

THE KAISER'S MISTAKE.

Reports from Berlin are to the effect that the Kaiser sends out a warning to the United States to get busy in the war. He underestimates the patriotic feeling in this nation. It will be recalled that the North thought the South would not fight in 1861, and found itself mistaken. The South thought the North was not fit, and it too, was mistaken. It is quite possible that William is setting off on the wrong foot.

WHO ARE THE HYPOCRITES?

An attorney who was deported from Russia with the L.W.W. rioters and who has just reached Los Angeles denounces the Bolshevik vigilantes as industrial hypocrites. If the citizens who desire peace, prosperity and the freedom of all men to work when they please, for whom they please and for the wages they choose to accept; if these men are industrial hypocrites, what term should be employed in speaking of those men who call themselves Workers of the World and yet, who, not satisfied with doing nothing themselves, take every opportunity to use violence against those who are trying to earn their daily bread by honest labor?

NECESSARY SURGERY.

A local preacher said that when man fell and defaced the image of his maker, God made him over again because He considered man worthy of redemption. In this respect, also man is following in the footsteps of the Creator, doing his best to reform himself and his brethren, trying to eliminate bad government and false ideals and thus to make the human race better and happier. Autocracy is one of the sins that infect the body of humanity, and, although it is necessary to use the sword in cutting away the cancer, the health of the race demands it, and man, with the help of the Almighty, will finally succeed in "molding things nearer to the heart's desire."

CLAMS OUT, WHISKY IN.

Senator Sherman wants Chief Engineer Black of the Board of Engineers to remain where he is and not to engage in any of the military or naval undertakings of the country or the ground that Mr. Black will do less damage to the country in his present position than in the one to which it is proposed to transfer him.

The Senator calls attention to the fact that in the prohibition State of South Carolina the inbound freight contains eighty-eight tons of whisky, wine and beer, and the outbound freight contains eighty-six tons of clams. Commerce keeps pace with conviviality. The whisky gets in and then the clams come out.

Senator Sherman is a wag.

DON'T BE QUITTERS.

Some of the rich young men of Southern California have not shown to the best advantage during the draft proceedings. They have been unmannerly enough to hide behind petticoats. They should hearken to the words of John Calhoun Allen of Kentucky. He heard that his son had been arrested in New York as a slacker. He packed his grip and took a train into for him, an unknown world. His son was in the Tomb. There the straight-backed mountaineer visited him. "You can't be right in your head, boy," he said. "We don't raise cattle who do things like this down in Clay county. We love this country of ours, and the flag, boy. You can't go back on it. You some of good stock, boy; it's all pure Americans and they don't make quitters in this country. Clay county never raised a quitter yet." His son ceased to be a slacker.

BUILD THAT NEW CITY JAIL.
"Where there's a will there's a way" applies to matters of civic duty as well as to commercial objectives. It is pleasing, therefore, to note that members of the Council have stated that a new jail will be provided "if there's a way to get the money."

It is the duty of the Council to find that way. Enough of merely repeating that "conditions are awful!" Action is demanded. All the necessary talking has been done. Now get busy.

Councilman Reeves has the right idea. He knows and admits that the City Jail is a standing disgrace. He has declared that something must be done at once to remedy the dreadful conditions existing, and he says the emergency should be met. If there is no other way to do it the Councilman is in favor of adopting the plan under which the work on the outfall sewer is progressing—that is, taking the money from the general fund.

Some way must be found, and found speedily, without resorting to a bond issue. Los Angeles must rid itself of this staining institution which is a blot on a land of sunshine. It must raise the soul building with its vermin-infested walls.

Mayor Woodman is in favor of immediate action and his influence will undoubtedly be directed toward obtaining it. He outlined in his message to the Council the need of a new jail building. He went further—he suggested the ideal structure.

Everybody in the city and every organization will stand behind the Council and support any proper action it may take toward securing a new jail, or "hall of welfare," as Chief Butler suggests. Association after association has gone on record in favor of abolishing the present black-hole and of erecting a new structure in which there will be opportunity for due care in the work of reformation. Let's get busy!

RUSSIAN PREJUDICES.
Members of the American mission to Russia have returned, bringing the significant report that the Russian proletarian regards the government of the United States as even more "capitalistic" and undemocratic than that of Great Britain or Germany. The reason assigned for this view is the unfavorable reports made by more than 10,000 Russians who have returned to their native land from this country since the dethronement of the Czar and the declaration of the "revolution" in February.

One of the first acts of the coalition government in Russia was to provide money to enable Russians living in the United States to return to their former homes.

This step was advised by the Wilson administration, according to Russian reports, under the impression that the Russians returning to their country would carry with them the leaves of liberty and free government that is necessary for the Russian masses. The theory is irreproachable, but the reports of the returned commissioners are to the effect that the result accomplished was just the opposite of what the President's advisers expected.

Speaking to a Washington correspondent of the New York Times, one of the returned commissioners said:

"They (the emigrates) were brought back to Russia with money furnished by the provisional government. They were invited to return to the Russia that had been freed from the rule of the old autocracy. Money for them to make the journey to their native land was furnished, and they took advantage of the invitation. The Russian government was actuated by the finest sentiments. But instead of telling the people of the advantages of living under a democracy, these Russians from America began to harangue whenever they met, of the terrible conditions in this country and creating the favoritism among the simple Russian people, of whom between 70 and 80 per cent. cannot read and write, that America was not the land of liberty that they had believed it to be. They were quite as abusive of England and France, and called upon the Russians to abandon the cause of their allies and quit fighting Germany."

Most of these Russians were from New York, but it is reported that among them was a sprinkling from the Russian colony in Southern California. The attitude of some of these voluntary and involuntary exiles was doubtless due to German money and German guile, but the greater portion of them were sincere in their disapproval of governmental forms in the United States. By reason of some racial trait the Slav immigrants have been slower than those of almost any other nationality to assimilate with and become a part of the communities in which they have located. They came mainly in little bands, and when they settled in a place they at once formed a colony apart. There are two of these colonies in Southern California at the present time and another in Arizona.

In that case we wonder what the trouble in the Reichstag was about and why "internal reforms" have been promised in this perfect form of government after the war. Surely there can be no room for reform if the German people are so immovably content with what they have.

And if Germany's bureaucratic military and universal service are so effective and satisfactory to the German nation and our Chicago Mayor, why does the gentleman run a newspaper entitled "The Republican," and especially and particularly why does he object to this country trying a little universal militarism and bureaucracy? Surely, according to his idea, the more we copy the German system the better he should be pleased. Yet he talks with the utmost contempt of America's conscript army!

And incidentally one wonders just how this charming and German government would deal with a newspaper like the Republican if it were being published in Germany at this time, opposing Germany's aims in the war and upholding her enemies? Especially if it were owned by the Burgomaster of a big German city? And very particularly if it were Germany's enemy that had forbidden Germany the use of the sea, had ruthlessly destroyed German women and children, had deported German citizens into slavery and had attacked Germany by violating the neutrality of Belgium? One wonders. It is almost a pity Mayor Thompson cannot be persuaded to personally experiment with a similar venture in Germany and see just how that benevolent and liberal-minded government would act towards him. Or maybe our own unsatisfactory form of democracy will come around to Mayor Thompson's views and deal with him by the simple expedient of asking "What would Germany do in a case like this?" and do it. We are bound to agree with the Republicans that in some little matters of this kind there is a good deal to be said for German methods.

Another element which enters into the complicated situation is the fact that it was only the dispossessed ones, the failures, who were willing to return to their native villages at governmental expense. The energetic ones, the ones who were able to make a place for themselves in the country of their adoption, are still here. This contingency was wholly overlooked by the administration theorists who justified their right to be on State pay rolls by making life a hell for the foreigners ignorant of our language and laws.

The straight-backed mountaineer visited him. "You can't be right in your head, boy," he said. "We don't raise cattle who do things like this down in Clay county. We love this country of ours, and the flag, boy. You can't go back on it. You some of good stock, boy; it's all pure Americans and they don't make quitters in this country. Clay county never raised a quitter yet." His son ceased to be a slacker.

Watching for the Bear to Come Out.



National Editorial Service.
SIAM'S CONTRIBUTION.

CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES
BY WILFRED H. SCHOFF,
Secretary of the Commercial Museum,
Philadelphia; and Noted
Lecturer on Foreign Commerce.

BY SIAM'S declaration of war with Germany the Kaiser and his empire lose immediately some 30,000 tons of shipping harbored in Siamese ports; the activation of a considerable number of extremely active German agents located in various parts of the previously neutral area; and the opportunities, which those agents have been improving in truly Teutonic fashion, to interfere with such Siamese exports as could be of aid to the enemy.

Since this has developed into a struggle between the total available resources of both parties it is no fresh factor, however remote and however inconsiderable in the direct military sense, can possibly prove negligible. Siam, with its 6,000,000 people and its potential army comprising its male subjects of fighting age, does indeed promise little of potential effectiveness on any campaign front. But Siam, nevertheless, does materially strengthen the net resources which are being brought to bear against Germany and its allies.

One day, as I was thus occupied, while with them is to dig worms. The chickens enjoy them so much and they get so friendly then. They are all around watching closely and ready to grab the worms that are discovered with each spadeful of earth. Sometimes, in their anxiety to be the first to get the best, they venture so far as to stand right on the spade itself, and then it is that I have to be careful not to hurt them.

One day, as I was thus occupied, the chickens were busy hustling everywhere, never staying in the same place, such was their impatience in waiting for their portion, others were quietly awaiting in their corners, doors, windows, etc., all the while screeching and picking, trying to make the best of their time.

And as I turned a full spade of earth over, my friends found several worms, one of them being a large, was a prize to get, and they all started to run after the chicken that had taken the presence hardly known until then, quickly stepped forward, gave an appropriate look around her and nicely grabbed the worm from its present owner and before the amazed crowd gobbled it up, finishing her swiftly done operation by a "cackle, cackle."

It was not hers very long, and, as all at once, my friends found several more, one of them being a large, was a prize to get, and they all started to run after the chicken that had taken the presence hardly known until then, quickly stepped forward, gave an appropriate look around her and nicely grabbed the worm from its present owner and before the amazed crowd gobbled it up, finishing her swiftly done operation by a "cackle, cackle."

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PEN POINTS

BY THE STAFF.

SLACKER DRIVE TOTAL FAILURE.

That Suspect is Held for Action of the Courts.

More Round-ups are to be Conducted by Officers.

Aided Investigation to go Before Arrests.

Now is the time to plant turnips.

See the Department of Agriculture.

A number of Senators at Washington are still talking with their constituents.

Much will be forgotten of the draft if not the war poets are unpoetic.

But it will be observed that Washington is too wise to start anything in Russia.

The results of an investigation demonstrated—it is a look in on the soul of a slacker.

Holland will send a mission to the United States. The little country is in Dutch.

Haven't yet heard of any bad news California babies being sent for Herbert Hoover.

President Wilson wanted to make him a member of the Cabinet.

The Japanese mission has been successful. Every mother's son delegation wears a frock coat and a silk plug hat.

The local weather is becoming better than some time ago and it no longer is an argument in favor of a motion to go.

Have you taken in a real slacker? It is a look in on the soul of a slacker.

With Stone and Reed representing Missouri in the United States Senate it is a wonder the old man doesn't want to see his son.

President Wilson desires the Japanese to remain in the country but he insists that if the Japanese were to leave they would be allowed to do so.

The latest thing proposed is to have the effects of the officers in the government until he is played he is allowed to do the solo performer.

Fred Thaicher, a local boy, spent a night at Big Bear Lake and confuses that in all that time he did not catch a trout. Bay, buy a monument for Mr. Thaicher.

The latest thing proposed is a way of footware in which we have made a new model. This must be copied and adopted at the recruiting stations where they had been willing to do so, they were willing to register with others to register with others.

Women censorship is silly. Since the elimination of the port where the Japanese ships landed, what military measures would accrue to Germany in the publication of the name part?

It is announced that a number of the leading people in the world are on "vacation" with a view to bringing the world into line.

And the editor of the paper will have more than all the dicta of the leaders of the world.

For the army of 1,000,000 who are going to France before summer 16,000 field guns are required. Up to this time no one has been issued for the service for the forcing of those who have been sent out. Overseas he has not been sent. The Germans know that all the German guns are still on paper only folks deceived are over.

The American people are now overjoyed to find out that we have a war with Germany. Just now everyone is willing to do so, it is a good preserve other from being cold. Why poor bodies women who pass up to cherries, etc., need to be freezing temperature instead of hot. Is it not a good idea? Food specialties are now there are specimens to be served goods as in the past served.

AWARNESS.

God—let me be aware. Let me not stumble blind in the way.

Just getting somebody ready for the day.

Not even prepared for another.

My to the ground.

Never acting for a while.

Please, keep me aware just my share.

God—let me be aware.



The
"White
Mountain"
Ice Cream
Freeze
\$1.95
(Lambert's)

o'Clock

Delicatessen Dainties

Monte Salad Points . . . 23c can
Jell., aust. flavors . . . 10c pt.
Te Cross Olive Butter, 2 lbs.
Sea Hamste., 16 oz. crock, 50c.
Opi Minced Clams, 3 cans.
Ham Chops, aust., 2 pieces, 25c.
Cremery Butter . . . 40c lb.
Oriental Cream Cheese . . . 25c lb.
Pickles 5 for 5c.
Deliveries on meat, butter, eggs.
(Hamburgers—Fourth Floor)

Bakery Goodies

Our House Rolls 12c doz.
Homemade Cookies 12c doz.
S. Rings 10c and 15c
Cinnamon Rolls 2 for 15c
Cup Cakes 20c doz.
Fingers 12c doz.
Rolls 10c a dozen
Cakes 10c a dozen
Card Puffs 2 for 15c
Chocolate Eclairs 2 for 15c
Cakes 45c a dozen
(Hamburgers—Mr. 4th Floor)

Musical Magazine

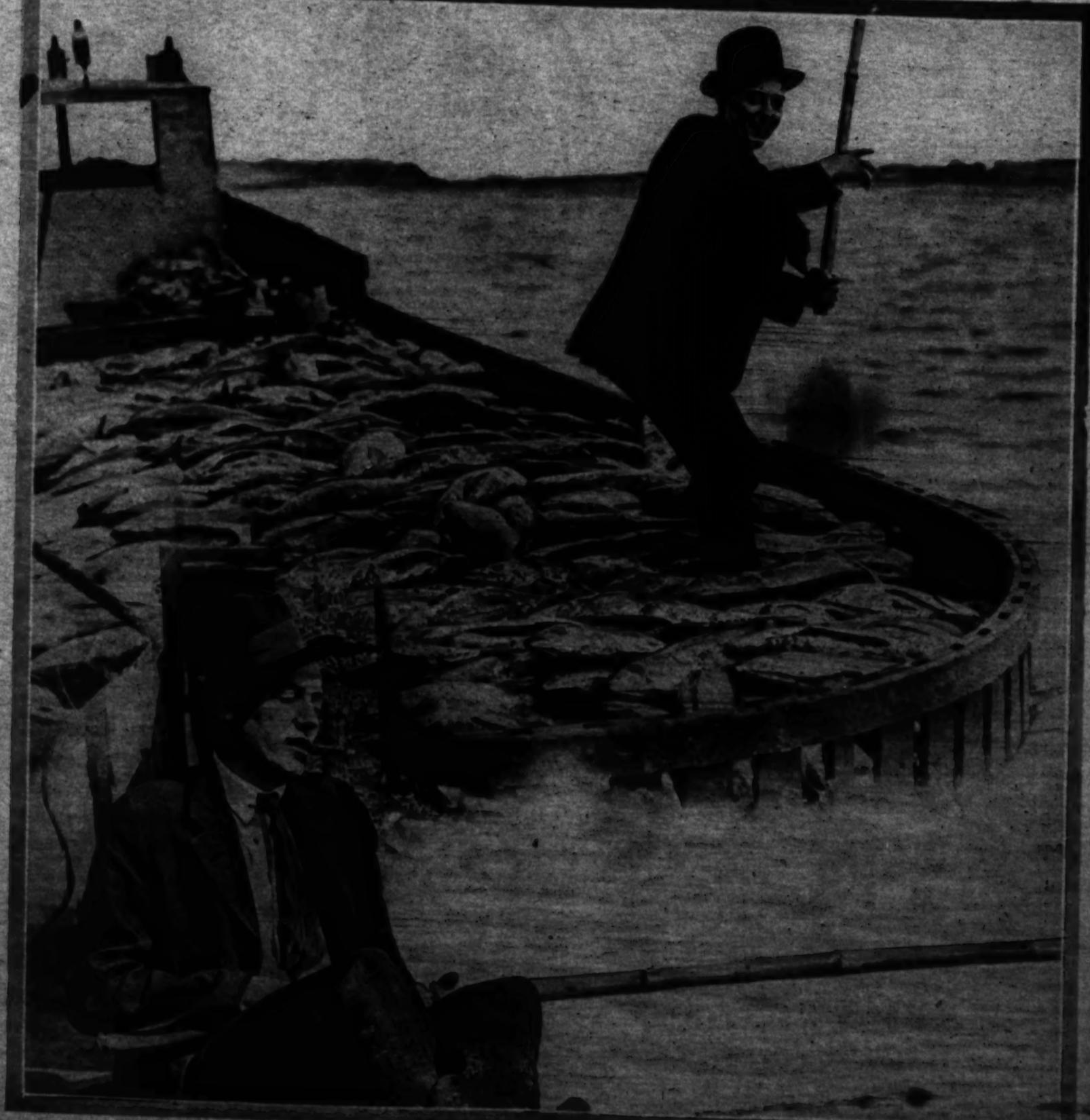
The Far-flung Southwest: "Land of the Setting Sun"

LOS ANGELES, AUGUST 18, 1917.

"LIBERTY UNDER LAW."

[1781—1917.] TEN CENTS.

A Fisherman's Midsummer Dream.



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Bessie Love, the Little Girl who Became a Movie Star over Night.

Sometimes the Sad Old World Smiles.

The Newest Summer Sport—Riding the Surf Fish.

Glimpses of the Great War in Europe.



What a bayonet fight on the west front is like.
(All photos excepted by Associated and Underwood.)

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Sometimes the Sad Old World Smiles.

The Great Little Giant Storybook

Bessie Love, the Little Girl who Became a Movie Star over Night.



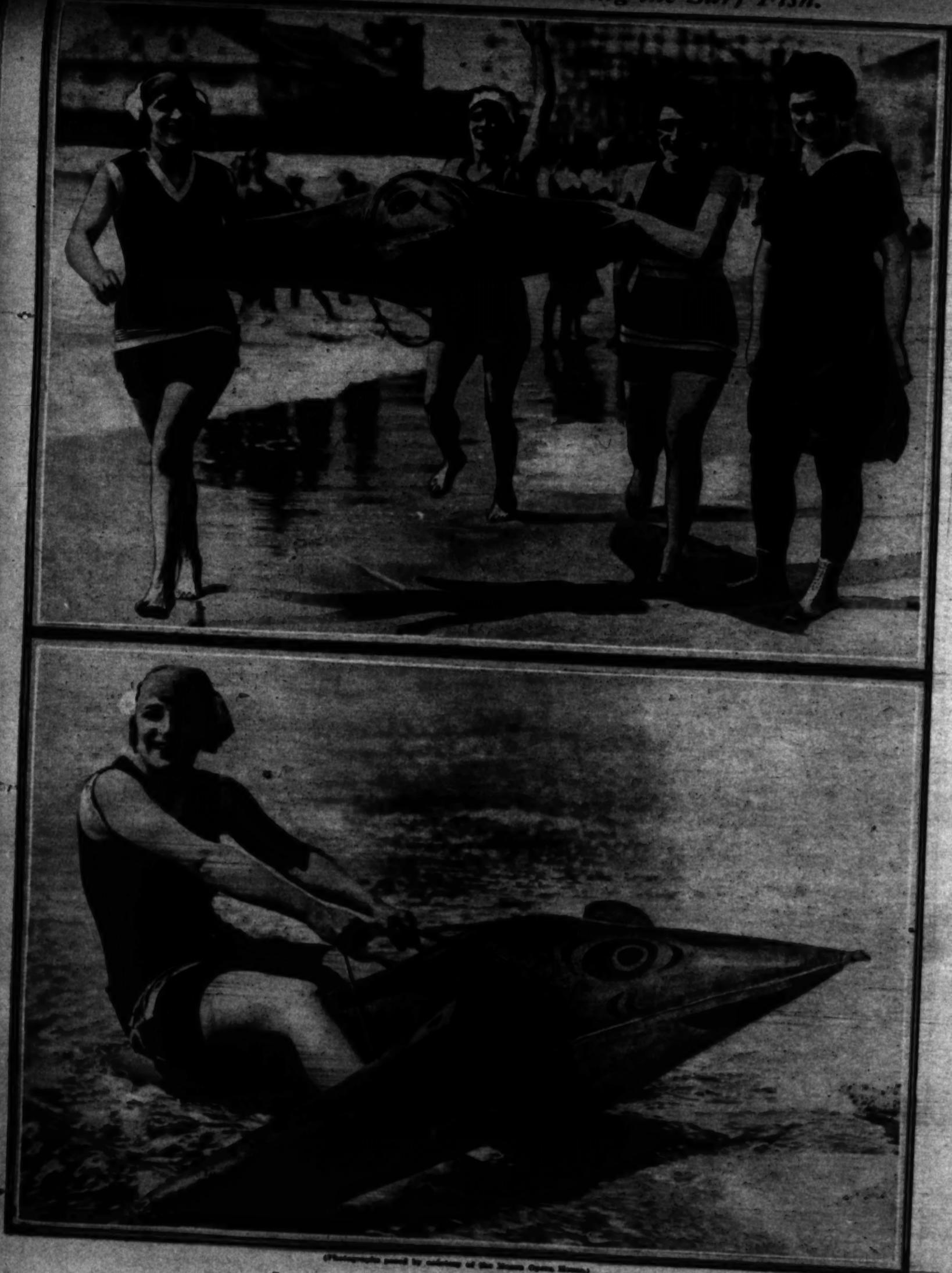
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11

Glimpses of the Great War in Europe.

The Newest Summer Sport—Riding the Surf Fish.



(Photographs used by courtesy of the Mass. Open Library)

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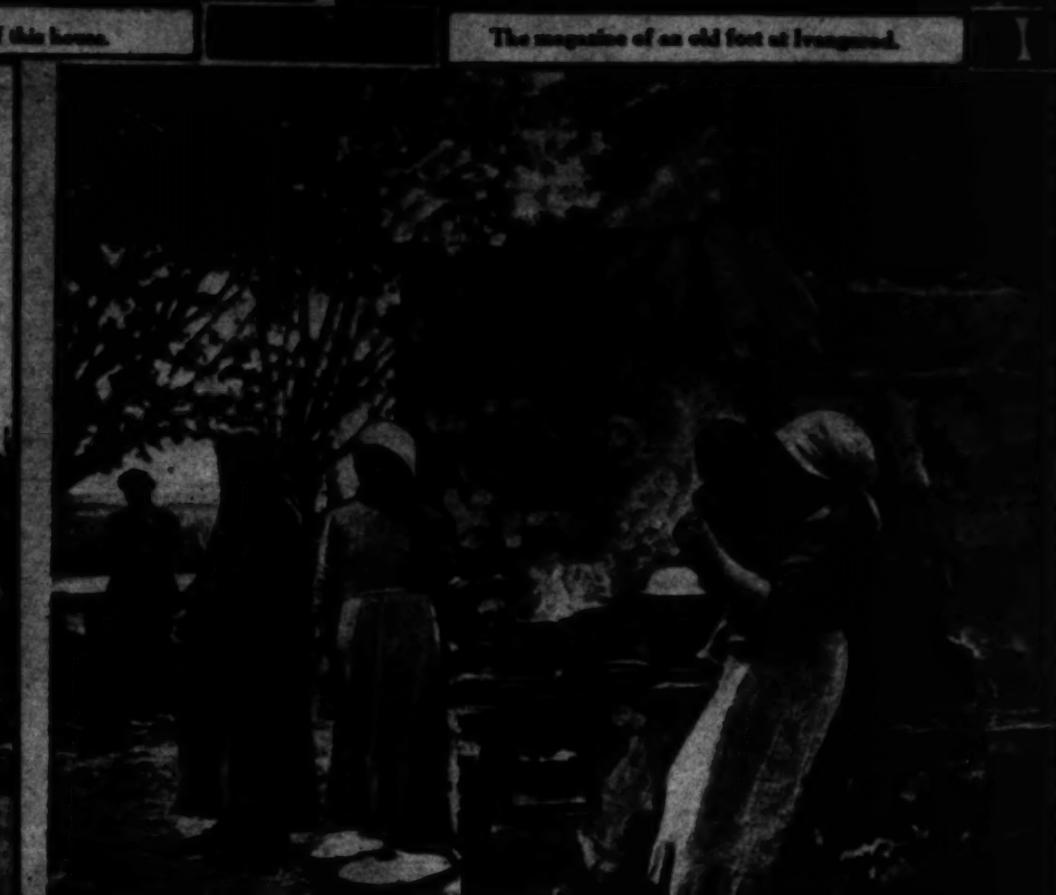
CHAPERONING THE KING OF BELGIUM

Post 11, 24 P.M.

By The Times-Mirror Company.

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Magazine

for the War in France



The ruins of Novo Alexander.

All that remained of their home.



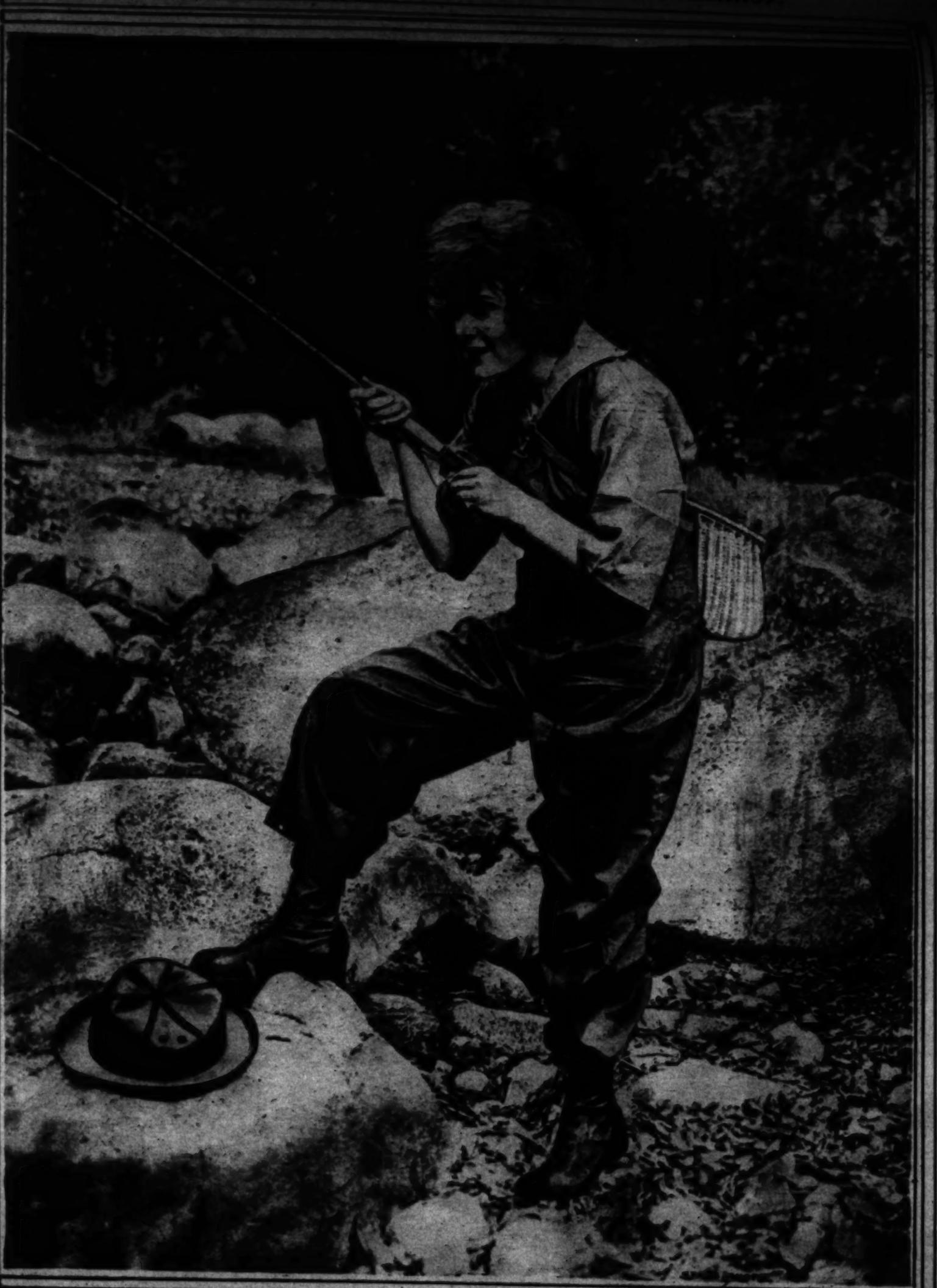
Blown up in the Prussian retreat.
(PHOTOS BY HARRY CARR.)

What a 30.5 shell did.

GIGANT WINTER FLOWERING SWEET PEAS

SWEET PEA

Now is the time to make a first sowing of winter flowering sweet peas. A sowing made at this date will give an abundance of blossoms before spring in November and continuing through the winter months. The selections we offer you are of an excellent character. They flower not only early, but the flowers last longer than the ordinary winter flowers. They will furnish you with blossoms for your garden all winter long. These flowers are especially nice. Not only that, but the flowers are of superb quality, both as regards size, color, etc.



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Published in April, 1917, in Los Angeles.

By The Times-Mirror Company.

Saturday, August 18, 1917.

Part II, 24 Pages

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Magazine

CHAPERONING THE KING OF BELGIUM.

Eating Pie with Royalty. By John S. McGroarty.

HE WAS only a Crown Prince, that time I spent a day with him, although he is now a King, and the most heroic figure in living history. I am speaking of Albert, monarch of Belgium, whose land has been laid waste and whose people have been slaughtered by the tens of thousands in the deathless defense of their liberties.

It was twenty years or more ago that Albert, then heir to the throne of his fathers, visited America. In the course of his travels he came to Montana to study the mining industry there. One day he reached Butte, and it was my happy fortune, with several other people, to spend that day in his company.

I say it was my good fortune, not because he was a Prince, but because he was then an intensely worth-while young fellow, as he is now an ideal ruler. I can think of

Princes, living and dead, that I wouldn't cross the road to see, and to spend a day with whom would be, in my opinion, a day simply wasted and squandered, and that might have been spent with someone else, perhaps never heard of, yet to be liked, and with something interesting about him.

The Crown Prince of Belgium was accompanied to Butte by another young fellow who might also then have been regarded as a crown prince, for he was the son of "Jim" Hill—Louis, who has since succeeded his father as the head of that vast commercial dynasty which the wizard of the Northwest reared by his wonderful genius upon the American continent.

They were just boys then, both of them, apparently warm friends, stalwart and strong, handsome and good to look upon; the Belgian fair-haired and rosy-cheeked, young Hill dark and almost swarthy, showing the clean blood and alertness of the black Celts from whom his mother sprang.

We had a lot of fun with Jim Keegan, superintendent of the Mountain Con and Green Mountain mines, that morning while awaiting the arrival of these notable guests. Keegan wanted to flunk and leave the horses to his foreman. He was quite sure he wouldn't know what to say to a Crown Prince, and all that sort of thing. Jim

Keegan could boss 2000 tough miners and hold his own with them at any kind of a game, but he was Irish and constitutionally opposed to royalty in any form. It was hard work, as a matter of fact, to get him to stick.

But it was all right when the Prince came. The way he smiled, boyishly and friendly, and the way he shook hands, made Keegan feel in a minute as much at home with him as if he had rolled ten pins with him for years.

"Are you going to drop him down with a slack cable, the way you dropped me the first time I went down this mine?" I asked Keegan, aside.

"Oh, no," replied Jim. "This young fellow is valuable, and it won't do to take chances. There's a big job waiting for him. He will be a King, some day, and he's going to be a damn good King, too."

There was no flaw in that prophecy. But Keegan did not live to see his words come true. He is dead long since. God rest his soul. The snow whiten his grave amid the peaks of the Rockies, where he played a man's part from his start to his finish.

Well, it was some experience for a Prince, or for any other man—a day in that honey-combed labyrinth of caverns under the great brick barracks where 350 of Marcus



KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM.

KING OF BELGIANS IN NEW UNIFORM.

Daly's 10,000 men ate and slept, day and night, as they took their turns at the eight-hour shifts.

We all went first into the washroom where there was a long trough with running water, hot and cold. The Prince bared his strong arms, took off his wilted collar, bared his chest and splashed himself to his heart's content. Then—and I don't know just how it happened—we got up to the bar in Jim Riley's saloon.

It seems that, by common courtesy, the drinks were on his Royal Highness. But for the sake of history, it should be stated that only ourselves who accompanied him knew that he was a Royal Highness, or anything at all like that. The crowd that lounged personally in Riley's saloon didn't even know that Jim Hill's son was in their midst at that fatal moment.

It is difficult, after so long a lapse of years, to recall exactly the words of even a Prince destined to become a King, but as nearly as I can recollect, he said, as he turned to the crowd:

"Gentlemen, will you join me in a drink?"

The gentlemen certainly would, and they



did. I am not willing to state just what kind of a drink the Prince, himself, took. I am here setting down history, and, like Don Carlos Lammie, I value my reputation as a historian. But I know that most everybody else in the crowd took whisky, for that was dinner time at the "Mullins House"—the name of the establishment where 350 of Marcus

[5]

In the Mullins House there were about twenty-five long dining-room tables, and at one of these the Belgian heir and his party took seats. There were red tablecloths and no napkins, but the food was clean and wholesome, fit for strong men, and plenty of it. The miners had their own vernacular concerning food, as well as for other things in life. Meat and potatoes were called "low grade" and pie was "high grade."

We all got a good laugh, and the Prince scored a triumph, when a little red-headed miner down the table called across to the royal guest:

"Hey, young feller, pass me over some of that high grade, will you?" and the Prince shot the pie at him without the slightest flinching.

It was a democratic crowd, there in the Mullins House on the Butte hill, that day, figuratively as well as literally, for they all



voted that ticket solid, always. But there wasn't a more democratic human being among them than the heir to the throne of Belgium.

He didn't go out of his way to "mix" with the crowd, but he didn't stand aloof by any means, or give the least indication of snobishness, which is more than can be said for every Prince of the blood. To the black-eyed girl who carried in his meal to him he gave back smile for smile, and he would doubtless take it as a compliment if he knew that the same girl, afterward, one day in the Mullins House, took the pains to ask:

"Who was that good-looking fellow you had with you here the other day?"

"You mean the dark-haired chap?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I mean the blonde." And, as I have told you, Louis Hill was a mighty good-looking young man, at that.

The last I saw of him—the only man I ever saw who is now a King, or who ever became a King—he was swinging down the scarred mountainside on the trail to the town.

But I have often since recalled him to mind, and, when he stood with his immortal legions barring the path of the Prussians on the road to France, felt a kind of exaltation in his glory, as though he had been my friend.

A Realist War.

[The New Republic:] Suppose your realist begins with the assumption that what he most desires is a world soundly organized for peace. Suppose he sees that for the moment the greatest obstacle to that organization is the success of imperial Germany. You may then convince him that imperial Russia was as much responsible for the beginning of hostilities as was the German Empire—it will make no difference in his decision to fight Germany now. The object of his war is not in itself supremely important to him. You may prove to him that the real motive of many who wanted America to fight was to protect their loans to the Allies—he is nevertheless willing to accept their help. The only way you can shake his resolution is to prove that his object is in danger. You might even show him that the champions of his object were either insincere or did not understand the difficulties in their way. He would regret it, but his judgment of events would rest, not on anyone's state of mind, but on what was likely to happen as a result of that state of mind. If he believed that the resultant of forces would fulfill his purpose, he would not care much whether the leaders he supported understood the process or not.

[Washington Star:] "Is Billings a quitter?"

"No. He doesn't get far enough along to quit anything. He isn't even a beginner."

A Great Chance for a Fresh and Healthy O'Connor.

GIANT WINTER FLOWERING SWEET PEAS

Now is the time to make a first sowing of winter flowering sweet peas. A sowing made at this time will give an abundance of blossoms beginning in November and continuing throughout the winter months. The selections we offer you are of an unexcelled character. They flower not only early, but the flowers are of the most refined Spencer type. They are much larger than the ordinary winter flowering grandiflora class. The flowers are borne three and four to the single stem, with stems of exceptional length. They will furnish you with blooms for your table at a season when flowers are exceedingly scarce. Not only that, but the flowers are of superior quality, both as regards size, color, etc.

SWEET PEA GIANT WINTER FLOWERING SPENCER. YARRAWA.

Undoubtedly the finest Sweet Pea of the early flowering Spencer type introduced to date. A magnificent novelty any way you take it. The color is a bright, rosy pink with clear cream base, the wings being slightly lighter in tone. Flowers uniformly four to the stem. Stems on well-grown plants are a foot and over in length. PER PACKET 25c.

Home 10957 Main 1745 *K. D. Smith* 8th and Olive Los Angeles

SWEET PEA GIANT WINTER FLOWERING SPENCER. RED.

A splendid selection of red in the early flowering Spencer type. Flowers about the same color as King Edward Spencer. Those who are fond of a good deep red Sweet Pea, large in size and free in bloom, will find this splendid variety one of exceptional merit.

PER PACKET 25c.

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SWEET PEA GIANT WINTER FLOWERING SPENCER WHITE ORCHID.

A superb pure white variety, flowers of ultra-refined Spencer type, beautifully waved and fluted. Produces stems of remarkable length and flowers of gigantic size. Unquestionably the finest white Winter Flowering Sweet Pea extant. PER PACKET 25c.

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SWEET PEA GIANT WINTER FLOWERING SPENCER. LAVENDER BI-COLOR

A new and exceedingly beautiful shade in the Winter flowering section of Sweet Peas. The standards are a delicate shade of soft lavender with lighter colored wings. The best of its particular color. PER PACKET 25c.

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SWEET PEA SPENCER. GIANT WINTER FLOWERING VENUS.

Equal in size and similar to the Late Flowering Spencer variety. The color of the bloom is white, the edges of the flower being beautifully margined with rose pink. Exquisite in color, large in size, perfect Spencer form.

PER PACKET 25c.

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SWEET PEA GIANT WINTER FLOWERING SPENCER BLANCHE FERRY.

Another great addition in the Winter flowering section of Sweet Peas. Flowers exceedingly large, beautifully waved. Usually four in the stem. The standard is a bright rose pink with creamy white wings exquisitely tinted with rose. PER PACKET 25c.

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SWEET PEA GIANT WINTER FLOWERING SPENCER. H. & S. SPECIAL MIXED.

A well-balanced mixture, containing only the best selected types of Giant Winter Flowering Sweet Peas. The colors are clear and beautiful, the stems exceptionally long and the flowers beautifully waved and fluted, usually four to the stem.

PER PACKET 25c.

Home 10957 Main 1745 *K. D. Smith* 8th and Olive Los Angeles

SWEET PEA GIANT WINTER FLOWERING SPENCER. MRS. A. A. SKACH

A mammoth flowering variety, in color a charming clear bright pink. The flowers are not only of phenomenal size, but are nearly always produced four to the stem.

PER PACKET 25c.

Home 10957 Main 1745 *K. D. Smith* 8th and Olive Los Angeles

SPECIAL OFFER

One each of the above magnificent varieties of Spencers, including the sensational novelty Yarrawa, Blanche Ferry, Mrs. A. A. Skach, White Orchid, Lavender Bi-Color, Venus, Red and one package of the H. & S. Special Mixture, a collection which marks the Big Work in Winter Flowering Spencer Sweet Peas for \$1.75. Delivered Free by mail to any address.

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Market Street

"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

Babylon, Watercolor of the City.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN)

instead to Karbela and Nedjeff—cities sacred to the memory of Ali, nephew of Mahomet, founder of the Shia sect. From all over Persia, Kurdistan, parts of India and even Tibet, these zealots come, their long arduous journey by mule or camel sometimes occupying a whole year. They bring with them the dried and salted bodies of their dead, for burial outside the walls of Nedjeff—and, like the Mecca pilgrim, the Shia who has been to Nedjeff can paint his beard a bright red and enjoy the title of "Hall" the rest of his life. To Nedjeff every good Shia is supposed to go, at least once in his career—if he can afford it, and in the shadow of Nedjeff's walls he expects his bones to repose, if his children can raise the price.

"Via the Tower of Babel."

The American tourist of tomorrow, traveling the Bagdad Railway route, will insist on the side trip to Babylon. Everyone knows what Babylon was "in all its glory," when Cyrus came with his elephants, his moving towers of rhinoceros hide, his catapults and hordes of spearmen. Of course it's all ruins now, as the Good Book said it should be. But its giant walls, all decorated with the startling figures of weird beasts and birds, still stand as mute, indestructible evidence of its ancient grandeur. To the toiling archeologists of the German Oriental Society we moderns owe our knowledge of this past civilization. For it was men like Koldeway, Mueller and Baudisch who—digging painfully for a quarter of a century—excavated the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, the temple of Ishtar, and the thousands of cuneiform tablets that tell the graphic story of Babylon, and its sensational career. So, by all means, get a stop-over at Bagdad, when you make that trip from Europe to India by rail, and run down to Babylon. Have a look at the dolorous statue of kinky-bearded old Nebuchadnezzar, at the mammoth stone lions, and don't forget the "standard weight goose." This old bird is still there. It was used, in Babylonian times, as a government gauge for testing scales in the city market. Its back is all covered with odd cuneiform characters, and, by Nebuchadnezzar's law, anyone who tampered with the stone goose, or sought to make way with it, was subject to severe punishment.

Far out on the desert, too, and visible from Babylon, stands the mighty ruin called "Birs Nimrud." Some say it is the original tower of Babel. Maybe so—maybe not; at any rate, it was a whale of a tower in its day.

Bagdad itself.

Frenchmen boast that "the history of Paris" is the history of "France." So, it may be said, "the history of Bagdad is the history of Asiatic Turkey." For twelve tumultuous centuries Bagdad has stood, the richest and greatest city in the heart of that land famous since the world began. Two million people lived within its massive walls and barricade gates, in the days of the Caliphs. Bagdad, and the plains outside, have probably been the scene of more fighting than any other one spot on earth. Genghis Khan smote the town in the thirteenth century; then came the Persians 200 years later; then in 1388 came Nair Shah and the Turkish hordes. During all these years, too, fighting went on between the people who held the city, and the wild tribes of the desert. Even up to the beginning of the present war it was a common occurrence for the Turkish commander at Bagdad to march his troops out of the city, and off on the desert for a bout with some truculent Bedouin tribe. Turkey claims vast areas in Arabia, over which she never yet has been able to impose her authority. The Arabs rule themselves, and laugh at edicts from the Sultan. And this condition has left its impress on Bagdad. For example, an old city ordinance says that no archway over a street shall be built, unless it is high enough to permit a man riding on a camel to pass underneath carrying his long spear upright.

Here, too, is still found that "confusion of tongues" that fell on the multitude at Babel. In the crowded, noisy bazaars you will meet Persians, Kurds, Turks, Arabs, Hindus, black slave negroes from Kanzibar, Armenians, Syrians, Egyptians, Abyssinians, Chaldeans, Russians, Poles, French, Germans, a few English—and once in awhile a stray American.

Startling contrasts are everywhere.

On the opposite bank, across the Tigris, is a great, sprawling, modern city, with its banks, turning out business letters within as well as those who cannot write, all on match paper. Motors hum and honk merrily as lumbering camels. On the river front, swift launches from Basra, or flat-bottomed side-wheelers lie at anchor beside the cup-shaped "goofas"—circular craft of woven willows lined with pitch—the same craft, tradition says, in which little Moses was cast adrift. In these days of airplanes and "Jack Johnsons" that quickly reduce the mightiest forts, Bagdad still boasts its walls, its spearmen, and its foul, useless moat.

It is changing fast, of course. But, when a town has stood still for centuries, and then suddenly is hit by a hoist, there must remain a few old institutions that die hard.

Putting Eden Back on the Map.

The advent of the British at Bagdad will hasten the restoration of the Garden of Eden. This colossal undertaking was started some ten years ago by the famous English irrigation expert, Sir William Willcocks—the same Willcocks who tamed the Nile, and added millions of acres to India's cultivable area. Work was well under way, when the war storm broke in 1914, and drove the British engineers out of Mesopotamia.

It is a fact, according to the conclusions of theologians, that the original Garden of Eden, as described in sacred history, was located in the Valley of the Euphrates, between Hit and Babylon. And this area is included in the vast tract of 25,000,000 acres which, by the Willcocks plan, is to be reclaimed. No irrigation scheme in the world ever compared with this, in size, cost, or historical interest. The whole Christian world wants to read about Eden—and how the old home of Adam and Eve is to be restored, and thrown open again to settlement.

It is a prodigious project, this Mesopotamian irrigation scheme. Ninety million pounds sterling—nearly \$450,000,000—it will cost, to finish the job. Dams will have to be built, in the Euphrates and the Tigris, and ditches and laterals dug, for hundreds of miles. But, when it's all done, there will be given back to civilization a vast and incomparably rich area—another Valley of the Nile, adding millions of tons of the world's annual supply of cotton, wheat, barley and corn. Oddly enough, in laying out his system of canals and laterals, Sir William Willcocks found that—again and again—his projected ditches fell in exactly with the ancient, sand-filled ditches of Nebuchadnezzar's time—showing that the old Babylonian engineers, with their gravity systems, were just as skillful as we are today. Herodotus, when he saw Mesopotamia and wrote it up centuries ago, described it as a "waving field of verdure from end to end."

American concrete-mixing machines, steel from Pittsburgh, and other Yankee products were already in use on this great construction work. The Euphrates had been dammed just above Babylon, and thousands of acres were already under cultivation, when the work stopped in 1914. When finances can be arranged, this work can be resumed—now that the British are back in the country. And the world, so badly now in need of food and fabrics, can draw enormously from this productive region.

British Influence in the Middle East.

With Bagdad held by England, a new day is dawning in the trade and politics of the Middle East. The Asiatic provinces of Turkey, so long practically terra incognita to the outside world, by reason of the Sultan's exclusive policies, will now be open to traders and travelers. The persecution of the Jews—of whom 40,000 live at Bagdad—and the mistreatment of Armenians and native Christians will cease. Bandits and lawless tribes will be disciplined. Bagdad, and other cities of Mesopotamia will be cleaned up and put in order.

Also, much of the old bad feeling between Russia and England, by reason of Persia and the Indian frontier question, may possibly be cured by this closer contact. Spheres of influence may be agreed on, Persian concessions divided up, and the political status quo of this buffer state be preserved.

From here, too, Great Britain can keep a close eye on the Moslem world, the pan-Islamic movement, and all the undercurrents of eastern intrigue. Should she wish, she will be in a position to aid Mr. Israel Zangwill and the Zionists in their "back to Jerusalem" crusade. To us, however, it seems incredible that many Jews would wish to quit London—or Broadway—for Jerusalem.

On the opposite bank, across the Tigris, is a great, sprawling, modern city, with its banks, turning out business letters within as well as those who cannot write, all on match paper. Motors hum and honk merrily as lumbering camels. On the river front, swift launches from Basra, or flat-bottomed side-wheelers lie at anchor beside the cup-shaped "goofas"—circular craft of woven willows lined with pitch—the same craft, tradition says, in which little Moses was cast adrift. In these days of airplanes and "Jack Johnsons" that quickly reduce the mightiest forts, Bagdad still boasts its walls, its spearmen, and its foul, useless moat.

It is changing fast, of course. But, when a town has stood still for centuries, and then suddenly is hit by a hoist, there must remain a few old institutions that die hard.

Putting Eden Back on the Map.

River. Now, after two weeks of the retreat, this Russian army is retreating from the strong position which it held on the Ziota Lipa beyond the second strong position which it might have held, which was on the Strypa River, and beyond the third position, which was the Sereth River, on which Ternopol is situated. Actually, to judge from the latest reports, the Russian army is now either on the Russian frontier or across it Russian territory all the way south from the Brody-Lemberg Railroad to the neighborhood of the Dniester River. It has evacuated not merely all the ground which it won in the front offensive, but it has evacuated also all the ground won by the offensive of last year, and it is, in addition, retreating beyond the limits of the great Russian retreat which followed the defeat at Dunajec, in the spring of 1915.

The Effect of Retreat.

The effect of this retreat on the army immediately to the south, which had made the great success of two weeks ago, and had taken Halic and Kalusa, was immediate. So far as one can now see, this army has not lost its morale, nor has its retreat become a rout. Nevertheless, it has had repeatedly to draw back, first from the ground obtained between the Lomnica River and the Bistritza River, which represented the gain of the recent offensive, and then practically all of the country between the Dniester River and the Carpathians as far as the Rumanian boundary and the city of Czernowitz, which has also been reported to have been evacuated.

Actually, the Russians have now given up practically all the Austrian territory which they held—something like 10,000 square miles—including a considerable portion of Austrian Galicia and all of Bukowina. With very slight exceptions, Austrian territory is now free of Russian troops, for the first time in almost three years.

So much for what has actually taken place. The question now arises whether the disorganized retreat will go forward still. If it does, it will open a gap in the whole Russian line from the Brody-Lemberg Railroad right down to the Dniester River, and this gap will threaten the whole Russian line. It will open the way either for an enveloping movement toward Kiev and Odessa, or else a sweep southward, which would complete the conquest of Rumania.

What Will Russia Do.

It is too early to forecast either a great disaster or a Russian rally. But it should be clearly recognized that if Germany now possesses the troops and the transport to press her great advantage, which has come as the result of the Russian collapse, we may see all Rumania occupied and German and Austrian troops reach the Black Sea ports of Russia.

On the contrary, we may see a Russian rally, either at the frontier or behind it, which will restore the continuity of the whole line from the Gulf of Riga to the Black Sea. This may be due entirely to a Russian rally, or it may be due to the fact that Germany and Austria now lack the reserves for a sustained offensive necessary to reach Kiev or Odessa. We can only recognize that one of the greatest disasters in military history has been made possible by the collapse of the Russian army in Austrian Galicia, and it will probably be some weeks before it will be safe to forecast the outcome.

My judgment is that there is lacking to the Germans and Austrians sufficient reserves and material for such a sustained offensive as is now called for if they are to profit to the limit from the Galician collapse. So far only one Russian army has really broken down. North and south the armies seem to be retaining their organization. Further south the Rumanian army, supported by a Russian army, has actually re-

covered its frontiers, and is now in a position to respond on the Austrian front. The Allies in this is that the Russian army will rally in time to preserve the continuity of their whole line and prevent the complete conquest of Rumania. If they do this the Russian collapse may prove of no great permanent effect, because the Germans and Austrians had already reduced their effectiveness on the eastern front to the minimum, and very few troops are available to transfer to the western front, unless Russia makes a separate peace or utterly collapses.

I have very often cautioned my readers against false hopes as to Russia. We shall doubtless have many more optimistic reports like those of recent months, but the fact seems to be that the Russian army has been totally demoralized by the revolutionists and the German agents, and that as a military element in the situation it cannot be counted upon for a long time—certainly not before next year.

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Real Desire to Serve.

When Congressman Benjamin Welty of Ohio was attending a small college in that State a few years ago, the institution offered military instruction to those students who desired it. Those taking the instruction did not have to wear a regular military uniform, but all were required to buy an inexpensive cap. Welty's parents were strongly opposed to military drill, and he therefore did not feel like spending any of the hard-earned money they sent him, for a military cap. So, he made a genuine sacrifice. He raised the money by selling his alarm clock. And though it was a long, hard winter, he went without any alarm clock whatsoever, sometimes oversleeping until nearly 8 o'clock, and making various other personal sacrifices, in order to obtain his military training.

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[Tit-Bits:] "Father, what do they mean by gentleman farmers?"

"Gentlemen farmers, my son, are farmers who seldom raise anything except their hats."

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SAN SU, THE QUEEN OF CHINATOWN.

A Chinese Woman's Heart. By Gertrude B. Mason.

SAN SU, pretty, dainty, bewitching, in her silken blouse and pantaloons of oriental blue with silver braiding, tripped lightly across the room with sandal feet, to stop before the little Love God in its wall niche above the bowl of fragrant Chinese lilies. The little Maid from the land of the Dragon frowned slightly, while a flicker of sadness hovered at the corners of her kissable lips—

"I fear"—she faltered in a small whisper—"my little God of Love does not always keep the hearts of the lovers she gives so kindly to lonely maidens, true, faithful, loving—I am sad in this precious dove cot my Prince of lovers has so thoughtfully given me, and and unapostolic my hero has no thought of his song bird during the hours he is absent from her—a fear he may learn to love another, not more beautiful, oh, no—but more worthy perhaps, with riches to hide an ugly face. Am I not right, little image of heart's affection?"

San Su's hand rested lightly on the altar to Love—"It is the law of nature and love to send your darts straight and sure to a lover's heart, when soft, dreamy eyes look wistfully into bolder, daring ones, but quite another question the holding of such a love when no wedding ring clasps the lovers' knot—do I not speak wisdom, God of Love?"

San Su let her eyes roam slowly over the apartment, a place most befitting such a lovely mistress; dainty willow furniture, oriental hanging of rich blue and gold—bits of Canton china, etching of Japanese art, the tall screen with its panels of heavy embroidered silk—a Dresden china bower, except for the massive carved cabinet of ebony, that seemed so strangely out of place in this dell of lightness.

The little Chinese Maiden sighed wearily—perhaps after all it was worth the great love she gave in payment for all the luxury that surrounded her—perhaps: a plaintive humming of a love song came from the room beyond—her lover was preparing to go out—was the song for her, or one not so fair? San Su moved away from the Love God, as Tin Sing threw open the door leading to his room and entered, drawing on his coat—the notes of the song flattened by an abrupt halting.

Tin Sing was a good-looking Chinaman, in his smart American clothes; there was a swagger to his manners that proclaimed him a good fellow, which no doubt he had acquired from his American brethren.

"I think I will go out for a time, my but-terdy," he said, facing San Su with a tender smile; "it is early yet."

San Su crossed to her lover and laid her tiny hands on his shoulder, trying to force his shifting eyes to look into her glowing ones.

"Why you leave me, my Lord—I am much alone of late—I like not to be away from you, it makes me sad and I weep."

San Su let her dark head rest against the throbbing heart of her lover pretending grief—he gathered her close to his embrace—"whyfore you leave me," she repeated, with a tiny sob in her throat.

Tin Sing laughed lightly as he tenderly caressed his sweetheart. "Pretty one, Business, that great American word, it claim much of my attention—how could I keep you here, my love, if I did not have the money to pay? I like not to be away from you, but I must obey the call of duty."

San Su pouted prettily. "Business, it one ugly word, I not like it, for it keeps you away long hours, and I am in fear—fear—" she stopped abruptly, to give Tin Sing a quick glance as if to catch him off guard.

"Never fear fo' me, San Su," Tin Sing said, as he let her slide from his embrace; "long time now I have played my game under the very nose of the Law. Uncle Sam, he very fine man, oh, yes, but thy lover he one 'nother—never you fear for me, Little blossom of my heart."

"Yes, I know, to you say, my Prince, yet always there is the great fear in the heart of San Su—to be sure, it is thy wish to serve our people with the glorious smoke that brings pleasant dreams, but the wide-awake American Law, he smile and wait—it him life is real, not dreams."

Tin Sing let his glance rest a moment on the big carved cabinet. "Could I deny my friend?" he said; "besides they pay well, so much I am able to keep you here, maid of my heart."



"TOMORROW," SAN SU SAID HAUGHTILY, "I AM TO WED THE KING OF CHINATOWN."

As Tin Sing's hand rested on the doorknob, San Su called his name softly. "Wait, my Lord."

Tin Sing, annoyed, suspicious, holds himself in hand against a sudden blow.

San Su goes on, slowly: "Today a small whisper riding the hot breeze that came up from the street below, spoke to me in passing—just a breath—" she stopped as if reluctant to go on. Tin Sing frowned. "A message," he said with a shade of alarm; "what did it say to thee?"

"That soft voice, it make my heart stop beating for a moment, and it cut like a two-edged knife—" San Su stopped as if to gain time.

"Quick, tell me what you heard," Tin Sing demanded.

"That whisper in my ear that did not care

to hear—it say—my true love and mate, Tin Sing—San Su dropped a pretty courtesy—"we'd leave his flower love, to take a wife through, the love, the daughter of Ho Chang, the wealth," a merchant—is it true, my Lord, the saying of the street voices?"

Tin Sing's laugh was a trifle uneasy, as he reached out his arms to draw the troubled San Su into his embrace.

"So my song bird listened to the foul gasp from the dusty streets—shame on you for not trusting thy lover, who worships thee more than he does his Gods or his 'neasters."

San Su nestled a moment in Tin Sing's embrace, smiling happily. "Forgive me," she whispered softly: "I am so very foolish, maybe it is this great fear of losing thee, since no wedding ring binds our love."

Sing's heart goes out to her despite his will power to hold his love in bound, since this maid has no dowry to give in exchange for his honored name, so must, therefore, be his sweetheart just for a time.

"How many, many times must I confess my love, little one?" Tin Sing said, kissing San Su's hand, American fashion, to her great delight.

"Many times, my hero," she laughed happily; "it is a lover's way of keeping the heart of his mistress wild with joy."

"You maids are so exacting," Sing confessed, "we men can't always be lovers, more often we must be business men."

"It is time enough to be the business man when you are away from us, the hours you spend with the maid, dear heart, are like the glint of gentle moonlight on mirrored

SAN SU, THE QUEEN OF CHINATOWN.

A Chinese Woman's Heart. By Gertrude B. Mason.

lines of love—like soft brocade, like flowing robes and flowing words—it is the lover's hour and the God of love stands aside and his shadow darkens the glow of love in two fold heart—an I not, what you call, poetical, my heart of hearts?"

Tin Sing laughed merrily. "I could not love you less, dear one, because I truly love thee with all my soul."

"And I doubted you," San Su sighed; "I'll bar my windows tight against the foul winds that bring whispers of a lover's unfaithfulness."

Tin Sing rises, a little reluctant to leave such a charming maid. "You are wise, my dove; gnash is a trick foot and those who follow her oftentimes come to grief."

"Just so," San Su cried joyfully; "never will I harken again."

As Tin Sing moved towards the outer door, San Su put out her hands impulsively as if to draw him back. "Must you go, my Lord?"

"Just to the corner. Wo Hong, he expresses a wish to buy the ten tael cans resting in the cabinet there."

San Su jumped to her feet. "I like not to have such things here in my dove cot," she cried; "it spells Law and prison, if you open the door at the wrong moment."

"Never fear, my songbird, it will not be there long. As for the Law, it never takes the pains to glance my way, for am I not an honored Americanized citizen, much respected, proud of my adopted country?" Tin Sing laughed mockingly as he laid his hand on the door knob.

"Don't delay, my lover, each moment away from thee will be like a stab in the heart." San Su blew a kiss charmingly.

"The moments will be few, scarcely a movement of the dial of time. Good-by, my love." Tin Sing smiled, closed the door and was gone.

San Su ran to the little love God and gave it a tender caress. "You would not betray my trust and love," she cried happily.

Should San Su draw aside the drapery at the window, and press her cherry blossom face close to the pane, she could look down into the lighted street below, that was the center of Old Chinatown in the heart of the Angel City, and see the blaze of lights from the many oriental shops and restaurants that line the way, the group of curious tourists seeking a place to dine on strange viands and wines, soft-footed Chinamen slipping from shadows into the light and back again into the gloom, the big policeman, strolling by, idly swinging his club, his keen eyes ever alert, the flash of a trolley car, on its way from the heights to the western Broadway beyond; above the head of a low building, if she lifted her eyes, she could see the Church of the Angels, a relic of old Pueblo days, the huge skyscrapers looming high against the sunset glow of the bright amusement way, and she could hear the shriek of the Limited as it trailed its fiery tail into the station, but these noises of the night life or the life itself did not bother San, as she reclined on her couch counting the minutes until her lover's return.

Suddenly the door is flung violently open, and Gleason, the big plain clothes officer, stood on the threshold, blinking at the unexpected beauty of the room and maiden.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," Gleason stammered, "for intruding thus."

San Su sat up, her face crimson with anger. "For intruding thus," she echoed; "what right have you to come into my room at any time, you big United States man?" she shouted.

"By the right of the Law," Gleason acknowledged with a bow. San Su's heart sank like a leaden bullet. "The law," she said angrily, "is something you American people respect very much, I hear."

"You're right, Miss," Gleason replied, advancing into the room. "It is the backbone of the nation and I represent it."

"What do you expect to find in my room, Mr. Law Man?" San Su questioned, trying to hide her fright under a bewitching smile.

"I'm looking for an opium smuggler known as Tin Sing. Is not this his home?"

Gleason closed the door. "Perhaps, but your Uncle Sam prefers the name I call such importations, when they slide through the customhouse or around it unlawfully." After a pause, "Well, what of this man Tin Sing?"

San Su shrugged her shoulders. "What makes you think I know a man called a smuggler?" she said, fencing for time.

"He is known as thy lover."

"My lover!" San Su's laugh was like a

chime, sharp, a silver bell. "I have many lovers, are you not aware? Maria Tin Sing loves who knows?" She sprang lightly from the couch, facing Gleason with a charming smile.

"With your bewitching ways you'll turn the head of any fool man," Gleason said, peering behind the screen, his hand on his revolver.

"Then suppose you turn your head, and walk out of my bower by the door of which you entered—see!" San Su said, pointing one finger to the closed outer door, stamping her foot angrily.

"I'm after Tin Sing, and must search the room," Gleason said calmly.

"You'll not find him here. Lovers are not always at the feet of their—San Su stopped abruptly, flushed with shame.

"I supposed Sing would be here tonight, since tomorrow he is to wed the daughter of Ho Chang, the tea merchant." Gleason eyed San Su closely to note the effect of his words.

San Su sank back onto the couch, staring at Gleason, holding her small hands over a wildly beating heart.

"What you say to me?" she whispered dryly. "My lover—to wed another?"

"The wedding feast is in preparation in the house of Ho Chang. Tin Sing will wed the daughter of the richest man in Chinatown, if the Law does not reach him first, and he is caught with the goods."

"I see," San Su said slowly. "If the Law should place Tin Sing in prison, he could not then wed the daughter of the rich merchant."

"That's the idea," Gleason spoke briskly. "A man in prison couldn't very well lead any maid to the marriage altar." After a moment, "Will Tin Sing visit you tonight? He is a sly one, and hard to get with the goods."

San Su gave Gleason a quick glance, then eyes hold for a moment, her's so full of pain, his full of pity, as he realizes what it is costing this little maid to face the knowledge of her lover's treachery.

"Maybe—he come," she answered faintly. "I don't know for sure—how could I? There is the other maid, and tomorrow—you say."

"He's a bad one, is this wily Tin Sing. Don't you break your heart for him!" Gleason exclaimed as he threw open the door leading into Tin Sing's room, and gave a quick look about, his gun ready for a surprise.

"They tell me this maid is not—pretty—like me—" San Su faltered.

"She's a moth, you're a butterfly," Gleason replied, making sure the room he faced was empty; "but the moth is rich, and money goes a long way with men like Tin Sing."

"Money, it takes much sometimes to make one happy," San Su sobbed. "The jewel of love is so very cheap, it can be given away by the poorest lover."

"Shall I search this room for smuggled goods?" Gleason put the question suddenly to hide his emotion.

San Su hesitated a moment, Gleason waiting out of respect for the troubled maid. Then she came to a decision, lifted her head and faced Gleason with flashing eyes.

"You step behind the screen and hide. I think what is best to do. My Tin Sing will come to me if I send for him, see?"

Gleason laid his hand on the screen. "If you play a trick on me I'll put you behind the bars," he said rather fiercely, as if to frighten her.

San Su got to her feet, unsteadily. "Prison—ugh—it one ugly word." She takes a few steps towards the black cabinet, then turns quickly to face Gleason, who is peering over the top of the screen watching her.

"You sure the wedding feast is steaming in the house of Ho Chang?"

"I have just come from there. Ho Chang is a friend of mine—buy tea of him—know him long time—so I see the many cooks that are working and fretting—you can smell the spices a block away—it is to be some feast, take it from me, that will grace the table of the wealthy merchant; when he gives his homely daughter in marriage to the good-looking Tin Sing."

"What is it you Americans say—twist the lip and the cup, there's sometimes a slip," San Su said, as she touched a bell.

"Just give me a chance to slip a pair of iron bracelets on that cunning Chink; it will sure spoil his dream of wealth," Gleason chuckled.

"You hide," San Su warned, "and please not talk any more. I rest. Maybe he comes to say good-by to his pretty butterfly, or is taking into his arms the ugly moth."

San Su dropped wearily back among the cushions on the couch, as if ill. Hearing soft footsteps coming from the room beyond

Gleason crept his hand, as the Chinese serving woman entered, shuffling her feet in a cabillo tread. Then he motioned the woman to come to her.

"I'm very ill," San Su pretended. "Maybe I die of the sick of the heart. Tin Sing he loafs in Wo Hong's gambling joint. Go you to the alley door and whisper to him his San Su is—dying, and must see him." San Su sinks back among the pillows, as if dying. The frightened woman stares at her a moment, then hastens away on her errand. When the door closed behind her San Su sat up, with a smile on her white lips, her flashing eyes meeting Gleason's over the top of the screen.

"That was nicely done—you are an actress," he said admiringly.

San Su shook her head. "Not so. I will die of a broken heart—you see!" She sank back among the pillows, broken with grief.

They waited in silence the coming of the lover; the clang of the trolley cars, the puffing of the switch engines in the freight yards, breaking the stillness—then a quick step in the hallway, a hand on the door, and Tin Sing, much excited, swung into the room and crossed hastily to San Su.

"What does this mean?" he cried, dropping down beside the couch. "I only just left you, well and happy, and now you are ill?"

"I think it must be sick of the heart, my Lord," San Su said listlessly, as she looked Tin Sing straight in the eye.

"Sick of the heart," the lover echoed, while Gleason boldly and daringly watched from his hiding place. "Strange I've never heard of this disease."

"Not strange at all, my lover; very few men ever have such a sickness—it is given much to women—the heartache, the pain, the bleeding—" San Su sobbed. Tin Sing drew her into his embrace, and tenderly soothed her.

"But what would give this pain to you?" he questioned suspiciously.

"It was the sound of those voices that come up from the street, through the dark and the mist—the gossip of a wedding feast preparing in the house of the tea merchant."

"Did I not tell thee, my songbird, to not listen to strange tongues—they are not for you, here in your bower?"

"There must be some fire where the smoke is so black—is that the saying, my prince?"

"The fire won't scorch thy wings, my butterfly. You I will keep here always—for my heart is yours. I could not love a moth," Tin Sing said with a light laugh.

"No lover ever say such pretty words to me," San Su said, resting in her lover's arms. "Where you find such pretty sayings?"

Tin Sing smiled. "I like American ways. Long time I cook in the white man's kitchen, in the big city outside, and I learn his ways—even to love making, little one."

"What does the moth say to your pretty speeches?"

"The moth is not one to bring forth words of love; she is plain."

"But she is rich," San Su cut in.

Tin Sing lifted his shoulders indifferently. "Ho Chang, he friend of mine, long time; he much like my American way."

"I must be very ill," San Su pretended.

"I am sure there is little devil in the cabinet there—ugh—you will drive them away, my hero."

"She rose to her elbow in seemingly great fright and pointed with horror to the cabinet, shuddering. Gleason greatly enjoyed the little drama staged for him. As Tin Sing's back is towards him, Gleason keeps his head above the screen, ready to duck in a moment. Once or twice San Su's eyes meet his, in defiance.

"I am afraid when I'm alone here," San Su goes on, "afraid that dreadful monster called Law will come in here and find the hidden devils. Go, dear one, and see if evil ones are hidden there behind the locked doors, amid the pleasant smoke."

San Su covered her face as if to shut out the sight she imagined was there.

"My turtle dove is nervous—see thy lover's arms are around you—there is nothing to fear," Tin Sing soothed.

"You never can tell what that beast called Law will do—sometimes he hides in a corner and looks down at you all unsuspecting, while you rest. Go, go, my love," she urged, "open the door and see if all is well there."

San Su's eyes met Gleason's unflinchingly, as she boldly played into his hand.

"There is nothing," Tin Sing said as he crossed the room, unlocked the lower doors to the cabinet and flung them open. "See, my love, there is nothing here but the cans. Tomorrow I will sell it to Wo Hong and buy you a trinket."

Tin Sing let his hand rest on the row of tin cans, smiling back

at San Su to reassure her. As his hand is turned towards Gleason, San Su had, unseen by him, motioned the officer to make the arrest. He was there with the moon, and she had played the game for him. Suddenly Gleason stepped from behind the screen, advanced while San Su held her breath with anxiety and fear.

"I arrest you, Tin Sing," Gleason said, letting his big hand rest on the smuggler's shoulder. "In the name of the law!"

"What does this mean?" Tin Sing asked sharply, facing Gleason. "San Su, would you betray your lover?" His eyes flashed fire.

San Su jumped from the couch to face her lover, as Gleason quickly snapped the irons on Tin Sing's wrist, as he struggled for a moment to escape—frightened and angry.

"Maybe, my Lord, I not so sure of your love. There is a maid called Moth, in the house of the rich merchant, what of her?"

"Come, young man, you're caught with the goods," Gleason smiled. "We've been camping on your trail for some time. Too much money you spend, with no work behind it—jealousy is a good detective—it's you for the pen instead of the altar."

Tin Sing struggled to be free, but Gleason held him in a strong grip, dragging him towards the outer door. Tin Sing jerked around to face the white-faced San Su, whose eyes are slits of pain.

"You call yourself a butterfly," he sneered. "You have the sting of a wasp."

"My Lord," San Su bowed gracefully, "tomorrow a maid will wait in vain for her bridegroom—a wedding feast will rot on the table of the rich merchant—a bride to be will die of shame—a lover will pine away in prison—while the happy songbird will die of the sick of the heart."

"You will suffer for this," Tin Sing shouted angrily, "I swear."

"Yes, my love," San Su said sadly, "I shall suffer much—even more than the moth, perhaps."

"Come, you fool," Gleason thundered, as he swung Tin Sing through the open door. "You're a damn heartbreaker." He turned to look back at San Su standing there so still. "Thank you, San Su; I'll try to reward you. Good-by."

"That's alright, Mr. Law Man. A maid's heart is as nothing against the wall of the law. Good-by."

Gleason closed the door, and hustled the cursing smuggler down the narrow hallway. For a moment San Su stared dazedly at the closed door, then staggered across the room to the niche where her love God nestled so securely, angrily tore it from its resting place and threw it upon the floor.

"May the God of the white man bring peace to the soul of San Su," she wailed, throwing herself upon the couch, moaning with pain.

The city's life pulsed on, one more broken heart was as nothing, some would be over gay, others sad; such is the way of the world. An hour later San Su lifted her head and let her tear-dimmed eyes look about the pretty room. Her lover was gone and soon she must give up this luxurious apartment, or take unto herself another lover; she was tired of trying to hold a man true to his vows of love—she would she were dead—dead. With swift determination she sprang to the cabinet, touched a secret spring which opened a drawer, and took therefrom a tiny dagger, keen and sure, looked at it a moment, hesitated, then lifted it to plunge into her bleeding heart.

A quick rap came against the outer door. San Su opened her closed eyes as the door opened softly to admit Gleason, who stared at her in horror.

"Wait! Wait, San Su!" he shouted.

San Su faced Gleason, the point of the dagger resting against the silver braid frog on her silken blouse.

"You let him get away," she flashed.

"Get away—that Chink? I should say not. He had a lovely joy ride in the patrol, and is now watching the moon from between iron bars."

"Why you come back then?"

"Throw aside that plaything," Gleason said, pointing to the dagger. "I have a new lover for you, one who wants a young wife."

"Is he rich?"

"I should shout. It's Ho Chang, the tea merchant. He has heard much of your beauty and fancies a young bride. He is much displeased that his son-in-law-to-be would let the Law place him in prison. Chang being a friend of mine sent me to inquire. I'm not a matchmaker, being a bachelor, but he bid me say, will you marry him?"

San Su laughed lightly, tossed the dagger behind the couch.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN)

Quick Work on Ships.

Lumber and the War. By Frank G. Carpenter.

HOW WE ARE MOBILIZING THE WOODS.

[Continued.]

Some of the trees we much lumber as the government wants already manufactured at the sawmills, and we have an equal amount in the many retail yards and distributing centers throughout the country.

The United States is the greatest lumber market of the world. Our forests are now bringing in about \$1,400,000,000 a year, and the wood we annually cut is enough to pave a road eighteen feet wide with timber a foot thick reaching all the way from the earth to the moon, and leave some to spare. In a single year we consume 45,000,000,000 or 50,000,000 board feet of lumber, and enough firewood to supply every family in the United States with two cords and more. We use 150,000,000 railroad ties, and 2,500,000 telegraph and telephone poles. We are annually cutting into veneering more than two-thirds the amount we shall use in the new army barracks, and the wood that goes into the mines, into barrels, boxes and other packing receptacles, and in making pulp for the newspapers, amounts to hundreds of millions of feet. The waste is enormous, and there is also a great loss from fires and insects, so that the annual drain upon the United States forests is said to be in the neighborhood of 100,000,000,000 board feet. The annual growth is only about one-third this amount, so that it will be seen that we must have better forest protection and economization or our forests will in time disappear.

As it is now, almost half of the woodlands of the United States has been cut away. When Capt. John Smith landed at the mouth of the James, not far from where they are to erect the great training camp for the navy, this country had a stand of merchant-

ships timber which has been estimated by the forestry authorities at more than 8,000,000,000 board feet; it was enough to have made a boardwalk a foot wide and an inch thick 1,000,000,000 miles long. It would have been sufficient to have covered a boardwalk ten-feet wide from the earth to the sun, Mother Earth at the equator with a band of boards three and a half miles in width. That little remainder, if cut into flooring, could have carpeted New England, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland. The total area of our original woodlands was more than 250,000,000 acres. It was greater than one-third of all Europe.

This immense forest was divided into five tracts. There were the northern woods, the home of the white pine, covering an area six times as great as that of Ohio, or about thirty times the size of Massachusetts. There were the southern forests, made largely of yellow pine and cypress, which were about equal in size to that of the northern, and there was the central forest, which lay between. The central forest was almost all hardwoods. It had an area larger than the timber lands north and south, and the lumber within it was about half as much more as in either of the other two divisions. If it were stretched around the world, it would have made a band of forest about two miles in width.

The Western Forests.

In addition to these there were the Rocky Mountain forests, which contained something like 400,000,000,000 board feet, and the Pacific Coast forests, which were smaller in area, but which had the biggest trees of the country. They had the redwoods, the west-

ern yellow pine and the Douglas fir. They contained the greatest giants of vegetable growth the world has ever seen, and had more lumber to the acre than any other woods known to history. The acre of those woods was about twice the size of Pennsylvania, but the stand was so great that it equaled the hardwood central forest of the East, and contained enough lumber, board measure, to have belted the globe with inch boards to a width of two miles.

Now let us see what we have left. Our boardwalk to the sun has been just about cut in half, and the same is true of the leftovers. A walk could still be made all the way to the sun from the trees now standing, but it would be only five feet in width, and the belt around the equator made of the waste would be considerably narrowed.

Almost 2,400,000,000,000 of the 5,200,000,000 which was the extent of the original stand have been cut away, and the amount left in our whole country is now only 2,800,000,000 board feet. This, if we take no account of the growth, at our present rate of consumption would be entirely used up within the next generation. Nevertheless, the amount still standing is enough to make cottage homes for all the people on earth.

Until the time of our Civil War the most of the lumber consumed in the United States was cut from New England and the Allegheny Mountains. For the next thirty years the vast white and Norway pine regions of the States along the great lakes furnished most of the lumber, and the industry then moved into the southern yellow pine belt along the Atlantic Ocean and the Mexican Gulf. That region is now the chief center of our lumber industry. The out-

put, and on the present rate running, will practically exhaust the supply. The original stand of southern yellow pine is estimated to be about 250,000,000,000 feet, or more than enough to load a lumber train reaching from the earth to the moon.

The work of felling the trees is going on everywhere, and the timber cutters are moving from one forest to another in little houses so made that they can be carried upon the railroad and lifted on and off the cars at will. Other loggers have community cars, which are screened and equipped for the purpose. Some of the cars are used for sleeping quarters, others for eating compartments, and many of the loggers even have private cars to carry their families with them. The men are experts in destruction and they cut down the trees at remarkable speed.

The next great movement of the lumber industry will be to the Pacific Coast, where they are already cutting something like 8,000,000,000 feet per annum, and where the cut of Douglas fir is steadily climbing. The forestry men tell me that it is simply a question of years before the lumber product of Oregon and Washington will exceed that of all the lumber regions of the East. The Douglas fir is one of the most important of our woods, and the available supply still in the forests is said to be more than 500,000,000,000 feet board measure. These trees give more lumber than any other species grown in the United States. Many of them reach a height of 200 or 300 feet, and some of the dense forests will yield as much as 80,000 board feet per acre. There is one instance in which an acre of woods produced as much as 500,000 feet.

(Copyright, 1917, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

The Loves of Long Ago.

BY EUGENE BROWN.

HOW time does fly! Offhand one would say that twenty centuries was a mighty long stretch. If a man had to wait that while for a haircut he'd be threatening to hunt up another shop. Yet when it comes to monkeying with history time rattles by like the film in a moving picture show.

All of which is prompted by the accidental realization that it was just 2000 years ago today that the golden orb, halved for the first time the pink face of the newborn Mark Antony, one of the boys who later helped to make Rome howl. Mark came from an excellent family. His father, Antonius Creticus, was one of the prominent citizens of the burg and president of the Rome Gas and Coke Company. His mother was a cousin of the lad who afterward came into active notice as Julius Caesar. The father was anxious to have a boy to take over his gas stock and so when Dr. Claudius Paternus smilingly broke the news to him that he had a fat and sassy son the old man chuckled: "That's easy; we'll have to call him Mark." Then he telephoned to the city editor of the Rome Tribune that it was a boy and the gang would kindly smoke on him.

In this auspicious way the infant began a career that kept the papers fairly busy. When a person can accumulate five wives and divide an empire before reaching his fiftieth year he is going some. Small wonder that the echo can be heard although 2000 years have lapsed.

When Antony was only a pup he decided that money was only made to be spent and he tossed it about after the careless manner of a soured seamstress. He played Santa Claus to all the chorus girls in town and the traffic cops pinched his chariot every Sunday for busting the speed limit. He wore a toga trimmed with elderdown and he had a seal ring that weighed half a pound. Before he was 15 he had colored a meerschaum pipe to resemble a midnight scene in the interior of a smokehouse. His idea of a good time was to get out the South Side gang and leave a lot of empty kegs on the front steps of the Baptist Church.

Before he even owned a shaving mug he had eloped with the wife of a friend. In fact he never allowed friendship to interfere with his love affairs—not business either, for that matter. He was what they called a warm baby and before he was 25 he had to catch a night train for Athens in order to dodge his tailor and other creditors who had begun to camp on the family porch and talk of writs of replevin and other legal unpleasantness.

After which he began to get his boost. By this time his distant relative, Julius,

was going good and strong and he took

Mark with him through a bunch of territory

Antony was a seasoned guy of more than forty summers, but Cleo was no nestling.

She had had her fling with Julius Caesar

and talk of rights of replevin and other legal

unpleasantness.

She was indeed some queen.

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Soil and Plants Wisdom in Paragraphs. By Ernest Brannan.

VALUABLE INFORMATION IN A NUTSHELL.

ORCHARD AND FARM-RANCHO AND RANGE

Soil Life—What does it Mean. By Thos. C. Wallace.

EXPRESSIONS to the effect that certain soils are dead are common, and occasionally writers on soil subjects refer to the life of the soil, but while much importance is supposed to attach to these terms in a general way, we are usually left without any definite explanation from which a mind picture may be had of what soil life is and the processes which procure the condition of life or death in a soil. Our task will now be to try and delve into the subject and in a simple manner if possible throw some light upon it, so that the every day reader can grasp it.

The Agricultural Soil.

Soil as we see it with the naked eye is but a mass of mineral earth loamed by the decomposition of vegetation and perhaps moistened by water. It is not difficult for us to understand how the water can sink by gravity, rise by perpendicular capillarity, and spread by lateral capillary attraction of particles throughout the soil. We can as well recognize that the air having a pressure of about fourteen pounds to the inch can go down into and spread through the land. Many people seem to think that it is this circulation of water and air that constitutes life in the soil, a sort of mechanical life, and that a dead soil is simply earth so dry or packed that it has neither moisture nor air.

The Condition of Life.

It is true that air and moisture conditions are necessary conditions which make possible soil life, but they do not constitute life. We have seen in a previous article on this page that warmth is a cardinal point of life action. When we speak of life in a soil we must contemplate active life represented by some kind of growth or development in life work and a dead soil is characterized by inactivity or inaction.

Soil Life the Measure of Fertility.

As we gauge the value of our agricultural soil by its fertility to sustain our crop plants we are only, or mainly, interested in the class of soil life that induces or promotes fertility. This class of life in the soil requires air at a sufficient temperature and moisture to become active, and without these conditions no such life will develop and the soil will be what is termed dead. There are indeed classes of life in soils, generally so deep as to be below the reach of the plow and working tools of the agriculturist, which live and develop beyond the line of air penetration, or without air and warmth. They are not known to be beneficial to fertility, but on the contrary these classes of life induce a retrograde action by which fertility is destroyed and changes effected which practically return possible plant food to unavailable conditions of earth. Thus by the exclusion of air and warmth soil becomes dead.

Through the Lens.

Let us now bring the soil under the lens and get a magnified picture of it. As our naked eye views the grasses of the fields, the trees of the forest, the flowers of the garden, the rushes of the swamp, the kelp of the seashore and the moss on the rocks, so now through the lens we see the bacteria and flora of the soil growing like rods and spines and branches, but leafless. The forest, the garden and all are here portrayed, a sort of miniature nature. But why no leaves? These microscopic plants and flora in the soil do not use the carbon of the air in their substance as the plants above ground do, so that they do not require the same structure but they are constituted instead to absorb the oxygen of the air about them and obtain their food much like the plant roots do.

The Office of Soil Life in the Grand Plan.

Like the plant life and flora that we revel in, some classes providing food as food, others the requirements of comfort and commerce, and still others for our pleasure and delight, so there are many classes and kinds of bacteria in the soil to do their allotted work on the mineral and organic materials in forming the loam. Through this forest and field of microscopic

life we observe moving insects of many kinds which may be likened to the animals roaming through our fields and forests, feeding upon the vegetation and products thereof. A yet closer study reveals to us spores thrown off from many of the bacteria, and these like perhaps our seeds and fruits are the subdivisions of the parents from which the succeeding generations spring. While all classes of bacteria are interesting to the technical scientist, and only through knowledge of them can we trace many important processes which make possible some of our everyday industries, food preparation, etc., they cover too vast a field for us to entertain, and an everyday knowledge of even all those pertaining to the soil is impractical.

The Leading Classes of Soil Life.

In soil cultivation we are interested in two kinds of bacteria whose life work is so closely connected as to be almost clasped together, and they are of so much importance that every grower should get as good and general a knowledge of them as he aims to have of his crop plants. This article then is put forward as an attempt, perhaps crude, to help our readers to grasp and understand a great fundamental fact in soil culture, and not as a scientific conclusion. The two kinds of bacteria to which we will specially refer are in the nitrifying class.

The Soil Nitrifiers.

First, the bacteria which work in the soil upon the materials containing nitrogen, which cannot be used by our crop plants as food until it is reduced from the carbonaceous and protein matter in which it is held by what we might term soil digestion, and then converted into nitrates, which is plant food. While nitrates can be formed by mineral combination of nitric acid and some base, such as soda, potash, lime, etc., by eliminating the hydrogen, the bacteria perform the operation as a life work as nature's chemists. The nitrifying can thus be considered as manufacturers of nitrogen plant food, and as such are the closest link between the plant and the potential food in the soil. If you were a chemist and wanted to produce nitrates you would primarily need some material carrying nitrogen and some material supplying a basic substance, as lime, etc. If you put the same work up to the bacteria they must be similarly supplied.

The Plant Nitrogen Feeders.

The second kind of nitrifying bacteria for consideration are the ones whose spores attach themselves to the roots of growing plants, where they build their homes as the bees build their nests in the trees. These bacteria cannot go abroad in the soil to gather their food from the flora of the soil, so they form a feeding connection with the plants of the roots, and so feed at the expense of their hosts. But they do not extract nitrogen from their hosts because they have a special faculty of extracting nitrogen from the atmosphere in the soil, which may be four-fifths nitrogen, according to its purity. They convert this atmospheric nitrogen to nitrates and as payment for their board and lodging on the roots of the plants, they feed to the plant the exchange of food, an operation technically termed symbiosis, which is really an exchange process.

The Grandfather of Plants.

Clover has been perhaps aptly termed the "Grandfather of plants," because it was observed that with only the simplest supply of food, as obtained from air and water and the mineral bases, it built up a rich nitrogenous plant high in proteins. Further observation brought practically all the pod-plants within the same general class with clover as they exhibited similar powers. It remained for the bacteriologist searcher in conjunction with physiology to discover that the supposed power of clovers and pod-plants was due to the nitrifying bacteria of the soil. Today we know that the spores of certain kinds of these little nitrifying soil plants, when coming in contact with the living roots of the clovers and pod-plants, attach themselves to the roots and build little wart-like nodules in which they

[22]

Class Distinction and Kind.

These nitrifiers seem to be of several classes, some of which embrace one kind of food plant and some can accommodate themselves on more than one kind of clover. It is quite practical to cultivate these bacteria and put them in the ground with seed or we can transfer them from one field to another by taking some soil from a field where the plants we wish to grow have been grown and sow this soil on new fields. The most thorough way is the best way, and if we have positive assurance that we have the kind of bacteria culture suited to our crop the system of inoculating the seed with the culture is more positive and preferable to the soil transference method.

Death the Light of Life Turned Low.

The conclusion we reach is that the tiny organisms of the soil or their spores carry within themselves the possible life, like the seeds and bulbs of crop plants do, and that the life in them is like a light turned low awaiting the conditions of active life to occur. While these beneficial soil food makers are in this state of coma the soil may be termed dead, and it is the privilege and duty of the agriculturist to bring about the conditions for active life by cultivation and perhaps careful irrigation to promote the moisture and air which are necessary, and the temperature will follow in due season. But as well he must not neglect the lime base for these nitrifiers, as failure to do that is but haphazard farming and poor business.

FIELD NOTES.

Milking machines may be now considered superior to hand milking for cows. The machines do not do the milking faster but they do it more thoroughly, leaving not more than 1 per cent. stripping. The machines must be kept thoroughly cleansed, but this is easier and more surely done than with the machines than on the milker's hands. The machines require much less attendant labor on the farm.

To get all the cream and butter fat from milk by separator the revolution of the shaft must be regular and uniform, and the temperature must be correct. The lower the percentage of fat in the milk the higher the speed and temperature required, but it must be uniform as irregular speed has a bad effect.

The proper oiling of roads depends mostly on the preparation of the road bed, which should be graded a year in advance to allow the perfect settlement of the earth, the elimination of gasses due to the new actions set up in it by exposure to the air and proper accommodation to the climate. When it comes to the application of oil a smooth compact surface with all dust removed is imperative to allow a proper mixing of the oil with the earth of the road bed in place.

The expansion of the steel industry with the utilization of high phosphorous ores will develop a large ever-increasing production of basic slag which is highly esteemed in Europe as a phosphate fertilizer. The value of this slag is based on its condition of phosphoric acid which is mostly in the form known as citrate-soluble or two-line phosphate of lime. Rock phosphate is tri-basic or three-line and practically insoluble. The slag is ground to a fine powder and when used as a top dressing for fields often gives astonishing results in the development of the clovers.

While the United States is the largest one country consumer of sugar in the world we are as well the largest importers of sugar and only fifth on the list of producers. British India leads with 14.5 per cent. of the world's yield, followed by Germany with 13.5 per cent. Russia, Austria-Hungary and Java with 8 per cent., Hawaii, Belgium and others with much smaller outputs. The acreage for the world's supply is about 12,000,000 acres, divided nearly equally for beet and cane growing, but the cane produces nearly twice as much sugar to the acre as

the beet. There is room for a vast and profitable sugar beet growing industry in the agriculture of the United States. Suitable soil near a beet sugar factory is desirable land.

Sending apples by parcel post within the second postal zone has proven more economical than express. The apple is a good keeping fruit and this method of sending in small quantities is practical.

Experiments made in recent years by painstaking investigators give promise to a plan of nourishing trees that has generally been dismissed by scientists with a deprecatory smile. It seems now to have been proven that nearly dried out trees can be resuscitated and fully revived by the introduction of solutions into the wood. The successes have been made with the apple and pear and in one case with the lemon tree. As a practical operation it requires more extended experiment.

Pasturing hogs on alfalfa has proven profitable with alfalfa hay worth \$15 per ton, but this profit is increased 75 per cent. with the addition of 1 per cent. of corn or barley grain and 100 per cent. with a 3 per cent. grain ration figuring corn at 60 cents a bushel.

Mother's Little Man.

(Saturday Blade:) Mrs. Biggs was proud of her boy. His teacher had reported him the smartest in the class. She felt it a fitting opportunity to give her son a little moral advice. "And I wouldn't have any more to do with Charley Binks, if I were you, Robert," she concluded. "I was told this morning he was seen sticking pins into his sister's little pet dog—though of course, I know you wouldn't do such a thing."

Bobby's eyes shone with the virtuous realization of this superiority to the Binks boy.

"No, mother," he answered, "of course, I wouldn't."

"But," broke in his father, "I heard that you were there at the time. You should have prevented him, my boy."

"I couldn't father," Bobby explained, with the air of one who had suffered an injustice, "I was holding the dog."

Bought a Gold Brick.

When Harold Knutson, a new member of Congress from Minnesota, was a young man barely old enough to vote, he took all the money he had and applied it on the purchase of a newspaper.

The day after he bought the paper, nearly all the subscribers came in and stopped their subscriptions.

"They would have done so before," explains Knutson, "but the former owner was an influential politician, and they didn't like to incur his ill will. I was just what they had been looking and hoping for."

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Robins, etc. All birdhouses and bird boxes
are made of the finest materials and
are guaranteed to last for years.
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are guaranteed to last for years.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for The Times Illustrated Magazine.

Recent Notable Cartoons.

UNCLE SAM—"SURE, WILLIAM, THAT'S EASY!"



Dictated But Not Read



Philadelphia Public Ledger



Spokane Spokesman Review

REMEMBER, YOU HAVE A DEPENDENT UNCLE!



Baltimore American

OUT AT THE HEEL :: :: :: By Thurlby



San Francisco Times



Washington Star

FORE!



Seattle Times

EXEMPTION
BOARD



"YOU CAN'T HIDE BEHIND THAT."

New York World

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Recent Notable Cartoons.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.
Compiled for *The Times Illustrated Magazine*.

On the Editor.

AMAGAZINE editor of New York prides himself on his knowledge of poetry and on his delicate critical sense of the same. His friends often joke him about this.

A noted illustrator laid on the editor's desk the other day a couplet that ran:

Help us save free conscience from the paw

Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

The editor read the couplet, then laughed heartily.

"Did you write this?" he said. "By George, it sounds like you. Better stick to the pencil, boy. Look at that rhyme—paw and maw. Why, it sounds like the S.O.S. call of kids in distress. Paw and maw! Gosh-

"I didn't write it," said the illustrator.

"Oh, you didn't, eh? Who did, then?"

"A duffer named Milton," said the illustrator. "John Milton. Ever hear of him? He was the author of a little thing called 'Paradise Lost,' I believe, but these lines are cut out of a sonnet written to Cromwell in 1652."

But the editor had fainted dead away.—[Washington Star.]

The Merry Milkman.

AMILK dealer of New York was com- suited in his early days by a friend in the milk trade:

"I've been roped in for two tickets to a masquerade ball," the friend grumbled, "but I don't think I'll go."

"Why not?" asked the dealer.

"Oh, such things ain't in my line," said the friend. "A milkman at a fancy dress ball! No, no—most inappropriate."

"Inappropriate nothing," said the dealer, "put on a pair of pumps man, and go as a waterfall."—[Washington Star.]

Scaring Them Away.

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, chairman of the Liberty Loan Committee, said the other day in New York:

"The loan machinery was made easy, simple and informal, so that all could come in. We didn't want to scare the plain people away, you know."

"Some of our past loans did scare the plain people. They were like the swagger

seashore hotel.

This hotel was so very swagger that the guests all felt like inmates or prisoners.

"There was a little man who arrived one night and rang the bell for some water. No answer. He rang again. Still no answer. Then he put his finger on the button and held it there till he heard footsteps."

"A knock, and a majestic maid entered. She looked at the little man scornfully.

"Did you ring?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

"Humph," said the maid. "Who lifted you up to the bell?"—[Washington Star.]

Futile and Ridiculous.

GERMANY'S hatred of the world becomes every day more and more impotent," said a Senator at a luncheon.

"Germany would torpedo the wide world if she could, but the German world-hate is getting to be futile and ridiculous.

"Germany reminds me of the chap who announced that he was taking his mother-in-law to Naples.

"I thought you hated the old lady so?" said a friend. "Why are you taking her to Naples with you?"

"The chap gritted his teeth.

"Don't you know the adage—'See Naples and die?'" he said.—[Washington Star.]

Jokes on Mother.

RETURNING home one afternoon, little Richard's mother found him apparently in great pain. Careful questioning failed to disclose the cause of the lad's suffering.

Previous experience told the mother that Richard probably was in need of that oil so unpopular with children, and she proceeded to administer a generous portion despite the crying resistance of Richard. A few minutes later the boy appeared, apparently in great

glee. "I've got a joke on mother—I've got a joke on mother," he cried.

A Pertinent Query.

EBERRY WALL spent the winter on the French Riviera, at the Hotel Ruhl, in Nice.

As Mr. Wall, exquisitely dressed, lollered with his Chow dog one sunny morning on the promenade beside the sea, a western mil-

lionaire joined him.

The millionaire took the liberty of criti-

cize the lavender color scheme that was car-

ried out in Mr. Wall's tie, shirt and handker-

chief. Then, with a loud, harsh laugh, the

westerner said:

Silence Is Golden.

"I SAY, old chap," said Smith to Tom,

"what's that piece of string round your finger for?"

"Thank you for mentioning it," was the reply. "I put it there as a reminder to ask you for that one-pound note I lent you a year ago."—[Chicago Herald.]

Nothing to Think About.

AJUDGE visited a northern summer re-

sort recently and during the course of his stay engaged the old landlord in con-

versation.

(15)

"Keeps you pretty busy all summer, doesn't it?" asked the judge.

"Oh, yes, tolerably busy," was the reply.

"What do you do all winter?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the old man, "in the winter we sit around and think and sometimes we just sit around."—[Minne-

apolis Tribune.]

Why he Didn't Register.

AN INDIANAPOLIS man who makes a practice of bragging about his short comings, said that there were just eighty-five reasons why he didn't register for con-

scription.

"The first one is that I am only five feet one inch tall."

"The second one is that, taking my height into account, I am too fat for my stature."

"The third one is that I have only one arm."

"The fourth one is that my teeth are bad."

"The fifth one is that I am too old."

"Well, what are the other eighty rea-

sons?" he was asked.

"Well, the other eighty don't matter. The five I have enumerated would give me the necessary alibi."—[Indianapolis News.]

Coward!

HE WAS a lion tamer, but the man who ruled the king of the forest was in turn ruled by his wife.

One night he was entertained by his friends, who refused to allow him to depart until the small hours of the morning, thinking that

result on his homeward way, thinking that his wife would not receive him as cordially as he deserved, he spent the night else

where.

In the morning he tried to slip into the house unobserved, but, alas! a voice from

the top of the stairs greeted him coldly:

"Where have you been all night, John?"

"Well, my dear, I was afraid of disturbing

you, so I slept in the lion's cage."

There was a moment's pause, a gritting

of teeth, then down the stairs floated one word:

"Coward!"—[Minneapolis Tribune.]

A Matter of Tense.

MRS. ALLJAW was feeling sentimental and pensive.

"When I die," said she to her husband, "I want you to have this sentence placed on my monument: 'There is peace and quiet in heaven.'"

"I think," rejoined Mr. Alljaw fiercely, "it would be more appropriate to say: 'There was peace and quiet in heaven.'"—[A-

wers, London.]

His Chief Worry.

WAR GARDENER: By the way, how did you fellows get in the house?

Burglar: We came through the back window!

War Gardener (excitedly): Great Scott!

I hope you didn't step on my potato patch!

—[Chicago Herald.]

The Welsh Always were Witty.

[Minneapolis Tribune:] A Welshman visiting London saw "Please ring the bell" written on a door. He did so, and in a moment a powdered little footman appeared and inquired:

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want nothing," said the Welshman. "I only rang the bell because it says, so here."

"Oh! I suppose you've come from the land where nanny goats grow on gooseberry bushes?"

"Yes," said the Welshman; "but in London I see stranger sights still, for you've only to press a button and a monkey pops out!"

Lesson in Politeness.

[Boston Transcript:] "Now, Willis, stop pressing you accidentally stepped on a gentleman's foot; what would you say?"

"I would say 'Bug pardon, sir,'"

"And if the gentleman gave you a dime for being polite, what would you do?"

"I would step on the other and say 'Bug pardon' again."

Pity one cannot can this weather and beat the fuel dealers next winter.—[Portland Oregonian.]

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The Hen and the Government. By Harry W. Kruuker.

HEREDITY AND STAMINA IN BREEDING.

SOME FAMOUS HISTORIC SLACKERS. Mutilated Themselves. By George Gautier.

WITH the talons of the draft tightening about 2,000,000 citizens, the question of exemption—the regulation of cannon fodder—is, among those who lack the courage of conviction, an all-absorbing topic in America today. The object of exemption is, of course, either to avoid entering military service at all, or, having done so, to get out of it. The soldier who seeks exemption without legitimate claim is usually dubbed a "slacker."

The slacker, like the proverbial hilla, is old, old.

Ever since the God Mars brought his curse down on the earth and up to the time the legions of ancient Rome overran the world, then on again to this day, recruits, conscripts and officers have dabbled in the art of exemption with success.

There are many tricks in the trade of the slacker and some of them are ingenious and almost command admiration. Others, of course, are sordid and awful—nothing more than gross mutilation of the body. Often these shams have been so cleverly conceived and executed with such adroitness and perseverance that the keenest medical acumen has been hopelessly duped.

Simulating Disease.

In English and French armies severe measures were resorted to in order to detect the cleverer ruses. In the eighteenth century when France was making a certain chapter of its history and when conscription was in full swing, the art of simulating diseases was so extensively followed that it was almost as difficult to detect a pretended disease as it was to cure a real one. The slacker not only showed wonderful ingenuity in shamming disabilities, but in many cases the obscurity of medical science on certain diseases was a direct help to him in the prosecution of his shams. To illustrate: there were many disabilities or diseases open to the slacker which were unnoticed by any change in the appearance, pulse or functions and whose presence was only known from statements made by the patient himself. Blindness, deafness, madness and somnolency might be mentioned as some of these peculiar ailments. As a result the calling of the medical officer placed him in a precarious position. On the one side, if he were unable to detect shams, serious imroads were made into the military strength of his government, and, on the other side, since it was difficult for him to detect frauds, he sometimes subjected men who were suffering from genuine complaints to severe tests and thereby hastened their death.

Temporary Blindness.

Feigned blindness has been a loophole through which thousands of men have bid

The Love God.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE.)

"A wedding feast waits for a bride," she crooned. "It should not be wasted. The Moth would despise a young, beautiful mother to spend her father's wealth, a lover would curse his fate in a prison cell. It is well; you may say to Ho Chang I will be his bride in the law on the morrow; if not that day, then never."

"He is old and ugly."

San Su daintily lifted her shoulders. "He will be true, fearing to lose a wife who has had so many gay lovers—young love is sickle, as you perhaps know," she smiled mockingly.

"But you are young, San Su; another lover will come to you."

"All love for San Su is dead; no more she trust a young lover; riches is ever old, yes, just as love is ever young—go you to the house of the rich merchant and say I will come on the morrow to be his wife in the law—go—go—"

"I wish you might be happy," Gleason urged.

"I am happy—a rich husband; why more could a girl wish. Go on before

ges his mind."

Gleason stood a moment in the open door, bowed. "I'll deliver your message at once.

"May you be happy and not regret. Good night."

San Su laughed merrily, as the echo of Gleason's footsteps died away. She danced hard coal is this. Soft coal is hard to get, across the room, touched the bell, then but hard coal is harder.—[Louisville Courier-Journal]

adieu to military service. French conscripts produced many symptoms of blindness and in addition obtained exemption on a wholesale scale by the use of nightshade and henbane. In Egypt there is a peculiar disease called night blindness which appears at irregular intervals. During a certain British expedition in Egypt under one Sir Ralph Abercromby a number of soldiers so successfully simulated this disease as to

disnable half of some of the army corps. The disease, however, was overcome by retaining the men thus affected in various branches of service where the use of eyeglasses was not absolutely necessary. Salt, snuff and tobacco-juice, have always been popular allies in assisting the slacker to temporarily put his eyes out of commission. In 1899 at Chelmsford, Eng., more than 300 soldiers seriously affected their sight by putting corrosive sublimate into their eyes.

There is an interesting story told about a young soldier who was assisting at the blockade of Luxembourg. He had been on duty one night and the next morning he declared himself entirely blind. At first his statements were ignored as his eyes retained their normal appearance. He, however, demanded treatment, which was given him. But as soon as the surgeon had given him treatment he declared himself in no way relieved. As a last resort to test the truth of his claims he was led to the bank of a near-by river and commanded to walk forward. He did so without hesitation and fell into the water below. He was immediately rescued, however, by boatmen who were placed in the vicinity to meet the contingency. Satisfied with the demonstration, the medical officer promised him his discharge, and he, relying on the promise, picked up a "best seller" from the officer's desk and began to read.

Deafness Popular.

Deafness, too, has always been a popular channel of evasion. Some men have feigned deafness so well that a volley of musketry suddenly fired near them utterly failed to so much as perceptibly stimulate their pulse beatings. But most men who simulate deafness go the other extreme and betray themselves as they are unable to ape the manner and assume the expression of countenance peculiar to deaf people. An instance where it had been done successfully is the case of one Victor Foy.

Victor Foy was an accomplished impostor. The minute he felt the grip of British conscription tighten on him he declared himself deaf and dumb. He resisted for a number of years the strictest investigations and surveillance. During dreams or sudden awakenings he only uttered low moans. He was finally dismissed from service and inadvert-

ently turned to poetry and wrote some lines, declaring himself a pupil of one Sicard.

But this Sicard denied and even acclaimed him an impostor in pretending to have been born deaf for he wrote from sound while, he said, his pupils, those born deaf, wrote only from sight. Foy, thus cornered, events only confessed.

The art of pretending the dread affliction of madness has also drawn its share of devotees. Among the celebrities who have accomplished the feat Ulysses, David, Hamlet, Solon and Junius Brutus might be mentioned. But madness is a dangerous mask to use. Medical science heretofore has been dark as to the true signs of its existence and, if that is so, the pretender must be at a loss to know how he must act. In fact, figures show that he almost always overacts his part or is wanting in the principal characteristics of madness such as sleeplessness and abstinence.

Asinine Art of Somnolence.

Somnolency, too, has been repeatedly and successfully feigned. Somnolence, you know, is the art of making a moping ass of yourself in such a way so that some one else can't resist the temptation of kicking you into action. Just see how successfully a last-century Britisher did it. He, unfortunately, had himself arrested for desertion. He lay in his cell for some months devising a scheme to get out and at last hitting upon one he suddenly stretched out into a state of perfect insensibility. All sorts of stimulation from electric shocks to snuff couldn't faze him. At last the attending surgeon believing that he had injured his head, removed part of the scalp for an examination. The examination revealed nothing except that it brought a low groan from the patient. The surgeon believing the illness genuine gave him an honorary discharge. A few days later the patient was down in a public house taking more ale than was good for him.

Hideous Mutilations.

The more determined and less ingenious slacker resorts to stratagems of a cruder and more injurious sort, often stopping at nothing short of painful mutilations. Certain practitioners the world over have peddled out effective secrets of the art of mutilations clandestinely to all who have had the money to pay for them. An old woman in Dublin acquired a degree of reputation among recruits for producing or aggravating wounds by a concoction of soft soap and quicklime.

And it's a sure bet that every slacker or coward-up to this day knew just where he could go and what he could do to bungle himself up seriously enough to escape service.

Roman conscripts cut off their thumbs. French conscripts broke their front teeth to disable themselves from biting cartridges. English conscripts cut off one or more fingers of part of the hand.

Other slackers among conscripts during

the old wars of ambition made trifling wounds serious by introducing caustic or lime in them. And others, who didn't have any wounds, made them by cutting the leg and sewing a copper coin in it. Medical officers were often forced to look healing legs of soldiers in boxes as men stuck poison needles and pins through their bandages to aggravate the wound even though the bandages were sealed. All sorts of similar stunts were done until governments decided to retain men in their armies although thus disabled.

Officers, as well as privates, while in action often threw themselves in the way of slight injuries either to escape greater risks or service altogether or to get their names in dispatches.

Sometimes men injure themselves and pretend they were injured in defending others. A remarkable case of this kind is one in which a young conscript rushed into a crowd that had gathered around Napoleon while he was walking in the park of St. Cloud and shouted, "Assassins! Assassins!" He aware that he had overheard a plot in which the assassination of the Emperor was planned. On being discovered he said that he had been almost killed by the conspirators. The closest investigation was conducted but no plotters were unearthed and it was afterward discovered that the injuries of the would-be hero were self-inflicted.

What is "Bravery"?

In defense of the slacker just one word might be said. Military men will tell you that heroic men on the battlefield are not brave; they are courageous. A fool is the only genuine brave man. Man's primal instincts are for self-preservation. At first impulse all men are slackers. It takes courage to make them brave.

Some people can talk for hours on the bravery of soldiers under fire, of frightful wounds and superhuman fortitude in standing them, but they will let out an ungainly "Awk" if mention is made of a slacker's attempt to trim off a finger or a leg. Every time you say slacker above a cowardly whisper some people jump as though you had jingled the hind end of a rattler, while it is ten to one that if some of them were caught in the talons of the draft they would look around for political intervention or to some crude and unreliable method of evading it.

But, at that, there is no defense for the slacker.

Little Mistakes of Crooks.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN.)

cused and on a close examination found a red coral bead in the slot where the knife blade reposed when clasped. One of the packages that had been opened contained coral beads and the thief had plunged his knife through this package. One of the beads had stuck to the knife blade and had thus been imbedded in the knifelot. This simple find resulted in the man's conviction and the return of several thousand dollars of loot to the express company.

The Damaged Spangle.

A young man with an inventive turn of mind constructed a machine to turn out metal spangles, beads, buttons and other articles of a like nature. He entered the field with bright prospects and was able to successfully compete with larger houses. He followed the customary designs demanded by the trade until he discovered that many houses wanted something distinctive and original. Thereafter he devoted his talents to this new line of work.

Suddenly he found his market gone. Someone was selling an identical line for less than manufacturers' cost. The dealers were stocking up on these cheap goods and ruin appeared inevitable. The young man

in his investigation discovered that one horse dealer had forty pounds of spangles that were defective, a point on one of the stars were missing. This defect occurred in the manufacturer's own die and it was almost beyond the calculus of chance that another

die would have the same defect. He called in the police and within the day learned that a former salesman, who had been discharged for dishonesty, was the man who was selling the cheap articles. The salesman was arrested and in his pocket was found a key to the manufacturer's stockroom. As the salesman could not show where he had obtained the articles he was selling he was charged with grand larceny and later on his own confession convicted.

Saw Him First.

[Harper's Magazine:] A Quaker had gotten himself into trouble with the authorities and the sheriff called to escort him to the lockup.

"Is your husband in?" he inquired of the good wife who came to the door.

"My husband will see thee," she replied.

"Come in."

The sheriff entered, was bidden to make himself at home, and was hospitably entertained for half an hour, but no husband appeared. At last the sheriff grew impatient.

"Look here," said he, "I thought you said your husband would see me."

"He has seen thee," was the calm reply, "but he did not like thy looks and has gone another way."

Antediluvian Highbrows.

[Washington Star:] "The wicked neighbor won't quit scoffing," complained

"That's all right," replied Noah, as he drove another nail. "We will show them after a while what it means to disregard the advice of the intellectual minority."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE.)

"He will be true, fearing to lose a wife who has had so many gay lovers—young love is sickle, as you perhaps know," she smiled mockingly.

"But you are young, San Su; another lover will come to you."

"All love for San Su is dead; no more she trust a young lover; riches is ever old, yes, just as love is ever young—go you to the house of the rich merchant and say I will come on the morrow to be his wife in the law—go—go—"

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"May you be happy and not regret. Good night."

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Squirming Work. By Edwin Tariss.

HOW TO CATCH VENOMOUS SNAKES.

Real Detective Stories. By F. A. Scott.

THE most absorbing detective stories are based on the proposition that a series of truthful events dovetail together with exact nicely while a fabricated story of similar events must always leave a missing cog, which with diligent search will be discovered. It is beyond human ingenuity to construct a false story of a series of events and not make a mistake. Prosecuting attorneys are always on the watch for these little openings that explode the false testimony. Nor are we without numerous examples of this situation in the daily court grind, and in general police work.

A few days ago a merchant reported to the police that a large shipping case had been opened, nearly \$500 in merchandise abstracted and the case nailed shut again. Detective Roy Shy of the city police was detailed to make an investigation of the theft. He went over the ground with a department head and at the conclusion of his investigation had learned absolutely nothing. At a loss as to the next move he engaged the head shipping clerk in conversation, the talk being relative to the man's trade.

The clerk, an affable mechanic, took pride in demonstrating the efficiency of his department. He explained everything about the business and at last demonstrated the method of making boxes. This was a new thing to the officer. The boards were placed in position about a form of the dimension the finished box would be and with one movement nearly a hundred nails were automatically driven home. The box was thus made as quickly as a man could assemble the boards, there being no lost time in the nailing process. Shy looked over the machine that in one operation drove all of the nails and—got a hunch.

Strolling back to the packing case that had been rifled of its contents he made a careful examination of the surface. Then for the first time in his experience as a detective he took stock of the fiction detective and brought into play a magnifying glass.

The surface of the box indicated that instead of the mechanical nail driving process the nails had been driven with a hammer. The magnifying glass disclosed that the hammer marks were made by a badly chipped hammer. Continuing his search the officer eventually found a hammer in the tool chest of a delivery boy's equipment that made exactly the kind of marks found on the packing case.

It only required a few hours' investigation to ascertain that the youth was the thief and that he had been disposing of the goods in a foreign settlement east of the Santa Fe tracks. The discovery of the hammer marks unfolded the crime in a few hours while had the usual process been followed the detectives would have had to investigate the entire force of employees who had access to the basement. The theft and sale had been entirely covered up and it was only the one cog in the wheel that had been missing.

Planning a Fire.

It is in cases of arson that this theory is oftenest demonstrated and the prosecuting attorney must be ever on the alert to detect the point where there is a divergence from the fabricated story. Within recent years there have occurred in this city in a limited district more than 100 fires of more than a suspicious nature. Many of these have been exposed in court and others by some flaw in the construction of the crime.

In East Ninth street an Italian planned a fire and would have been highly successful had he not overlooked one point. He did not anticipate the explosive power of the mixture he used to destroy his home and was blown to pieces when he started the fire under the house.

Another arsonist planned a fire and was highly successful. He had also concocted an alibi and proved by excellent witnesses that he had left home twenty-four hours prior to the fire. The district attorney's office, while feeling that the man was lying could hardly refute the testimony of the witnesses produced. It was not until the last day of the trial that a member of the district attorney's office discovered that on the day the man declared he left home by train, owing to a wreck the train had not been sent out over the regular route and it was therefore impossible for the man to

have taken that train. The prisoner was convicted on this one circumstance.

A woman conducted an unprofitable apartment-house venture and planned for more than five months to destroy the property by fire. She placed more than 100 gallons of distillate and gasoline in various vacant rooms in the house. The place was a veritable bomb and had it been fired it would have been blown to pieces with great loss of life. On the night the fire was to have been started the woman opened a stopcock in the furnace-room, permitting forty gallons of distillate to escape into the room. Then she went to the top floor of the building for the purpose of overturning the many cans of inflammable liquids.

Gave Herself Away.

In the first room she entered, long vacant, the fumes of the gasoline overcome her and she swooned, falling against a table and overturned a telephone. The light on the switchboard alarmed the operator, who knowing the room to be unoccupied, made an investigation and discovered the plot. Ring and gang of arsonists, fired the home ring and gang of arsonists fired the home of a wealthy fellow-countryman but in arranging their plans spilled some of the liquid on their clothing. When they struck a match to light the slow fuse that was to have exploded the bomb after their departure they were both horribly burned. The men were given long prison terms but were released on a technicality after serving two years of the sentence.

A jeweler desired to get a quick return on his insurance and planned a fire. He placed a gasoline bomb in a closet, floated a lighted candle in the mixture and fled to a neighboring city, thereby hoping to establish an alibi. When he opened the front door of his home to leave a draft was created and the closet door blew shut. Lack of air extinguished the flame. A policeman witnessed the flight of the jeweler and made an investigation. The fire trap was discovered and an officer went in pursuit of the jeweler. When apprehended the police searched the man and found on him his fire insurance policy. On the envelope were figures that later turned out to be an invoice of the property as it stood and a computation of the insurance, indicating that the man anticipated a fat profit from the transaction.

Detective James Bean, for many years connected with the city police and now employed by the underwriters of the State, once overthrew an insurance fraud that was all but perfect in detail. The fire was to all appearances an accident and there was nothing on the surface to indicate fraud. Notwithstanding Bean went into court to contest the claim for insurance and to prosecute the insured. The case went slowly along until the defendants put in their claim, mostly for expensive furniture. Then Bean showed his hand. He produced the entire remains of the fire in the form of ash and charred wood and convinced the jury that the fire was not only of an incendiary origin but that there was nothing of value in the building.

The owners of the furniture had described a number of brass beds, elaborate, brass finished furniture, dressers, wardrobes, trunks, tables, lamps and other metal bound articles. Bean showed that there was not a trace of metal in the ash—no hinges, knobs or brass bed frames—nothing in fact but several hundred wire nails, such as come from packing cases. While it was impossible to prove arson the insurance was never paid as the insured fled the same night.

The Rancher Detective.

Only a few weeks ago a Lankershim rancher saved \$2700 and sent a dishonest broker to jail for a long term by breaking up the elaborate story of the accused. The rancher drew the money from a local bank for the purpose of purchasing an additional piece of ground. He went to his home to meet the agent and while awaiting his arrival, worked about a windmill in the yard. Becoming warm with the exertion of tightening up a number of rods and the replacing of a number of iron pipes, the rancher removed his coat and hung it on a board at the well. After a time he went to a nearby building to secure an additional section of pipe.

On his return the coat was on the ground, the money missing. The rancher heard

the muffled roar of an automobile driven at a high rate of speed and rushing into the road saw a small machine disappearing in a cloud of dust. The rancher believed he recognized the broker's automobile and going to a telephone he notified the police and sheriff's office of the theft and of his suspicion of the broker.

But while waiting to hear from the officers the rancher was surprised to observe the broker coming down the road in an entirely different car than the one he usually rode. The rancher formally welcomed the broker, made a quiet statement of the robbery and then declared that he had recognized the thief. He did not mince words but openly accused the broker of the theft. While the men were wrangling a deputy sheriff appeared.

The rancher was so positive in his identification of the broker as being the person who had fled that the deputy placed the man under arrest. A search of the broker's safe revealed several sums of currency that totaled a little more than \$2700. The broker fell back on the plea that there could be no identification of money unless it was marked or unless the numbers on the bills were produced. Nevertheless after a consultation between the rancher and a deputy district attorney, a warrant was issued. The money in the broker's safe was seized, placed in an envelope and marked evidence.

At the trial the rancher was unable to prove much of a case on the broker. The machine was one of several million of the same model. He could not swear whether the broker was in the machine and he acknowledged that he did not have the numbers of the lost currency. Then the broker was placed on the witness stand and endeavored to show that he was at a certain office at the very time of the robbery. Then by relatives he tried to show that the money in his safe had been delivered to him in several sums. At this point the deputy district attorney called on the several persons who alleged they had paid him money. In each instance they declared the money had been drawn either from a bank or had been secured on the day of delivery from another.

The district attorneys representative then arose and walking over to the accused broker, broke the seal on the package of money held as evidence, and holding it in front of the prisoner, demanded if there was any identifying mark on the currency. Nonplussed for the moment, the man replied there was none. Turning to the rancher the deputy asked the same question. "Yes there is a decided mark of identification on every bill," the man replied. Turning back to the broker the deputy gave him another opportunity to identify the money and a third time appealed to him to know if there was any way in which he could establish ownership.

Remember that the rancher had not viewed the currency since it went into the hands of the deputy district attorney. The deputy then called on the rancher to identify the money.

"If the bills in that package are mine the edges will be found smeared with red lead. I dropped the roll onto a splotch of the red lead while I was working on my windmill and after cleaning off as much of the stuff as I could I put the money in a coat pocket, letting the damp edges project out so they would dry. That is how this man—pointing at the prisoner—came to see the money."

The bills were examined and each one was found to have the telltale red mark along one edge. More than that, three witnesses came forward to testify that they had observed traces of red on the broker's hands on the day of his arrest and the broker was unable to account for the color and declared that he "must have cut his hands."

Too Glib a Story.

In a prepared story meant to deceive, quite as likely as not the impostor will overdo his part and thus lead to exposure. A youth with a serious charge hanging over his head managed to quite fog the issue of the case by a cleverly prepared alibi. Two reputable but mistaken witnesses assisted him. In an effort to find a point on which to seize the district attorney permitted or rather insisted on a com-

plete detailed account of the man's movements on the day in question. The story was glibly told and it was impossible to confuse the witness.

Then came the stumble. Among other incidents the prisoner told of visiting a bootblack and explained that in addition to having his boots polished he had received a thorough brushing off all because it was an exceedingly dusty day. The records were produced and these showed that one of the heavy rains of the season raged not only on the day of the crime but on the days prior and following. The witnesses were recalled and they also remembered that it was a dusty, blowy day. This so confused the prisoner he made several other misstatements which in the end led to his conviction.

A ranch hand accused of the wholesale theft of grain from the fields of close-in ranches declared that he was not in California until after the date of the alleged robbery. He then convicted himself by describing a clump of gum trees in one of the fields. The prosecution was able to show that these trees were cut down two weeks before the robbery and that the accused could not have described the trees except from personal knowledge. His alibi upset, the unfortunate ranch hand plead to turn State's evidence and implicate what he was pleased to term the ring leaders of an extensive gang of grain thieves.

Perfumed Money.

Several weeks ago a woman dropped her purse, containing a large sum of money. A child of tender years picked up the valuable container and started to carry it home. Two men in an oil distributing station saw the incident and managed to get the purse from the child, giving him a few pennies. The men hid the money in an can, first extracting a few bills for immediate use.

The same day the owner of the money made a report to the police and also instituted a personal search. She inquired all along the street in which the loss had occurred, eventually embracing the very child that had found the money. The little tot immediately pointed out the two men who had taken the purse and the woman made a formal demand for the return of the money. The men denied the theft and by their fierce denial frightened the child.

Police officers were summoned but by this time the child was thoroughly demoralized and refused to identify the men, declaring that he was now not certain to whom he had delivered the purse. The owner of the money, among other things, declared that the bills of currency could be identified, if located, by their odor. She explained that following her securing the currency from a bank she had purchased a bottle of perfume and that this bottle had been accidentally opened in her purse and the bills saturated with the liquid. The police visited the stores in the neighborhood and learned that one of the suspected men had paid a grocery bill a few hours after the money was supposed to have come into his possession. On examining the bills that had been paid to the grocer they were found to be strongly impregnated with perfume. Then the officers searched the oil station, sniffing into every can and box in the place. Within a few moments after the search was instituted one of the officers found the bills secreted in a can of cotton oil waste, the perfume being distinctly discernible in spite of the oil.

Instances of a similar nature may be found in the police courts without number. A thief was convicted only last week on a charge of larceny because, although he had memorized the numbers on the case and works of watch and produced what purported to be a bill of sale, still he did not know that in the scroll work on the back of the case were the initials of the owner.

Another criminal was justly convicted and later made a full confession after the police had despaired of fastening the crime on him. He was accused of cutting open a number of packages in an express office and extracting articles of value, repairing the damage to the package so that there could be no exposure for several days after the theft. While the trial was in progress the prosecuting witness picked up a pocket knife, the acknowledged property of the ac-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE)

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THE most absorbing detective stories have taken their trail. The pictures tell a simple story of a housewife who has been victimized by a snake which has crawled into her kitchen while she was preparing dinner. The snake has bitten her and she is lying on the floor, unconscious. The police are investigating the case and trying to find the snake. The snake has crawled into the kitchen through a hole in the floor. The police are trying to find the snake and bring it to justice.

Real Detective Stories. By F. A. Scott.

LITTLE MISTAKES SEND CROOKS TO PRISON.

Squirm Work. By Edwin Tarrisse.

A N INTERESTING feature of the work of the zoologist is that of snake catching. In no other branch of the profession is more skill, greater courage, and a better knowledge of the habits and moods of the game necessary. To locate the squirming, grawsome creatures, to sit patiently for nights on the trail of a fine specimen, and to walk up to it and capture it almost barehanded; these are things beyond most laymen.

In the first place no snake man ever kills a snake until compelled to do so. In the case of men who scour the woods in search of garter and black snakes to be fed to various cannibal captives in the reptile houses of zoos not even these common snakes are killed when captured. The reptile man is ever on the lookout for an unusual specimen, of some sort—an albino garter snake, for instance—and to kill a snake before it has been examined closely is little short of a zoological crime.

Garter snakes, black snakes, coachwhip snakes and the various species belonging to the family of "racers" are captured with the bare hands, exactly as a little girl might pick up a kitten. In many cases, especially when large black snakes are picked up in this way, the reptile turns and sinks its teeth into a hand or a finger, but the bite is not poisonous and is looked upon as an accident that is quite likely to happen. Hundreds of snakes have been caught in the woods in this way during the course of a week.

The catching of harmless snakes, however, is tame sport compared to the handling of the dangerous poisonous reptiles; and yet to the snake man it is pretty much the same whether he handles a death-dealing viper or whether the reptile is of the harmless fainly. The expert can determine at a glance whether a certain piece of woods or a stony, scrubby hillside is apt to be a suitable hunting ground. The season of the year enters into the calculation; likewise the "exposure," and even the time of the day. If the ground looks suitable, the hunter enters, knowing just where to find his quarry and just how to approach it in order to capture it without too great a risk to himself. But, as may be imagined, the work remains dangerous under all conditions.

The first indication of the presence of a rattler is, of course, the sharp, unmistakable rattle as it pierces the ear, almost as a switch brought across the hand on a cold day leaves its sting. The sound of the rattle is like that of a mowing machine several hundred yards distant in a hay field. The reptile is the fairest fighter of all living creatures, never failing to give due warning of its hostile intent. Bending low and gazing among the shrubs, the dangerous one may be spied. He is curled on himself like a spiral spring, his head, flat and triangular, and a fourth of his body raised out of the circles of coils and bent into the shape of a horizontal S, ready to strike with lightning rapidity. The eyes glare black and cold, as the viper is poised like a tense spring, alert and ready to bury its long, needle-like poison fangs and to inject the frightful poison.

If the intruder is without striking distance and remains where he is, he is in little danger, as only in the rarest cases have the snakes been known to attack and assume the initiative. If the hunter withdraws, gradually the viper assumes a position of repose, which it maintains until again threatened. But to the snake catcher the threat of a rattler is not a serious deterrent. He knows the creature can strike only within a radius of about two-thirds of its length. Having struck, it must recoil and aim a second time before it can send out its hideous head. A six-foot stick is all that is necessary to catch the formidable snake. Pushing the end of the stick toward the reptile, the hunter watches his chance. The rattler is motionless, as if carved out of stone, only its beady, icy eyes fastened upon the end of the stick, to await the proper moment to bite. When that moment comes, there is a movement too quick for the eye to follow, and the long fangs are sunk into the stick, while the reptile, realizing its mistake at once, is already coiled up and again in a fighting attitude. Before it can strike, however, down comes the pole, pinning the long, squirming body to the ground, and the hunter walks boldly toward the helpless one, takes it up close behind the head,

where the poison fangs cannot reach him, and puts the captive into a bag.

There are methods of catching the rattler—for instance, when the reptile is in its winter quarters and lethargic and lazy. But the manner described is the way the professional snake catcher secures his specimens. And the manner of catching the rattlesnake is practically the same as that used for all the small and medium-sized land snakes, poisonous or otherwise.

Catching snakes in the swamp and catching them on land are vastly different propositions, however. A cottonmouth moccasin would quickly squirm out from under a stick intended to pin it fast in the swamp mud of its native home. In fact, these deadly reptiles are among the most the snake had crawled in almost a perfectly difficult to secure, not because

the same result, and likewise a third night. But on the fourth morning, the last the expert could put in in that locality, he saw Old Dave's tracks across the road and could determine that he had come out of his woods into the meadow grass to hunt, and that, before long, in all probability, he would go home. The man waited an hour, and another, and still another, and was about to give up for want of time when the squeal of a rabbit was heard, and the next instant one of these little fellows, frightened well-nigh to death, darted across the road, pursued by Old Dave. The man gave chase and the race became an affair between the rattler and the hunter. Old Dave was on the run and, unfortunately,

the snake had crawled in almost a perfectly

straight line, one of the peculiarities of a

land snake, poisonous or otherwise.

Armed with these harmless instruments

the man was lowered into the cistern, play-

ing his squeaky tune as he descended until,

at the bottom, he settled himself on his Lewis and kept up his tune incessantly.

For all of twenty minutes he played before

the music had effect. Then the snake

glided out of its nest, inch by inch, coiled

on the floor in front of the charmer and,

raising its head, oscillated it, never taking

its eyes from the man. For many minutes

the charmer played until he reached out for

the reptile, and, grasping it in his bare

hands, brought it to sunlight, where he

laid it on the ground and continued

the tune. The Englishman wanted to have the

dangerous serpent killed, but the native

begged so hard to be allowed to keep the

specimen for his charming exhibitions

that he was allowed to take it away in his

earthen pot. Two weeks later the news

was received that the new captive had

turned on its master and had killed him

with a bite in the thumb.

One of the most difficult reptiles to cap-

ture is the regal python, also a native of

India, that giant snake that measures as

long as thirty feet in extreme cases. This

immense constrictor had in its wonderful

coils the strength to crush an ox. A ten-

foot python could shoot its head forward,

strike a big man in the chest, fell him, and

crush him bone from bone—and the pythons

caught by the snake man are twice and

sometimes three times as long.

A suitable specimen located, the snake

man and his assistants set out on the

hunt. According to tradition the method

is to feed the reptile a calf and then to

fall on him and capture him when in a

lethargic state. As a matter of fact, how-

ever, it makes precious little difference

whether the snake is fed or not. Once the

snake is attacked he turns to a perfect

hurricane of fury, and nothing but men

throwing themselves upon him in over-

whelming numbers can subdue him. It is

a rare thing for one of these big snakes



THE MUSSURAMA, THE GOOD SNAKE, THAT EATS THE POISONOUS ONE. IT IS STEEL GRAY IN COLOR.

scarcity but because of the difficulties of penetrating the almost impassable swamps where, in the very heart of the boggy thicket, the finest and best specimens hold court.

The moccasin snake hunter is provided with a long pole rigged with a wire loop on the end, the same operated from the handle end of the contrivance. Armed with this and his snake-bag the man enters the swamp, jumping from bog to bog and from tree root to tree root, in danger of finding his progress cut off at any moment and in danger of losing his bearings and his way out. The air is heavy and laden with fevers and insects, and the sunlight is excluded by the forest of tropical grass and trees and swamp shrubbery; but the hunter presses on until in the midst of his grounds, when he begins to work.

Lying on a log, coiled and ready to strike, eyes riveted on the man, the moccasin lies motionless, without a sign of life, awaiting stealthily the moment to set in his fatal stroke. The hunter advances cautiously, extending the loop end of his snare. The snake never takes its eyes off the man. Unmindful of the approaching stick, it glares at its intended victim until with a quick and accurate movement the wire loop has been slipped over the creature's head and drawn taut, holding the surprised squirming, fighting reptile until it is grasped behind the head, like its brother the rattler, and is slipped into a snakebag.

Speaking of hunting an individual specimen and of never killing a snake unless absolutely necessary, one expert tells of a hunt after a famous old rattlesnake near a town in Central North Carolina. A friend had told the expert of this well-known character in the snake world, and the expert, a representative of the New York Zoo, decided to go down to the little settlement off somewhere in no-man's land in North Carolina. He took with him another snake man.

Upon arriving they found about every native in town acquainted with the trail, if not the personality of the reptile; in fact, these people knew the snake so well that they had it named. "Old Dave," they called it. In the morning when the farmers drove to town and saw the trail in the dust of the road they would say: "Well, Old Dave has been around again."

The expert and his companion went out hunting for Old Dave the first morning after the day of their arrival, and, sure enough, he must have been a whopper, for his track measured easily four inches in width; and there was no mistake that the track was that of the old rattler, for the dust was fine, and the expert made out that the moon was high, but not a sign of

rattlesnake trail, most snakes traveling in curves. The man waited that night and never stopped to fight his pursuer, but headed for an old field stone wall. The man had a native with a gun and might have shot the snake a dozen times if that course had been deemed desirable; but it was a fair fight and the man lost, for Old Dave got away among the stones, from which no amount of stone pulling would bring him. The expert awoke that day he will go down to North Carolina and get that old fellow if it takes a month to do it.

Among the extraordinarily dangerous snakes to catch in India is the cobra and its many species. As a rule, the East Indian catches his snakes in a simple and



BEGINNING THE FIGHT. THE MUSSURAMA HAS GRABBED THE JARARACA BY THE NECK.

rather cruel manner. Provided with long-handled and deep nets, the natives surround a huge tract of grass and set fire to it. The flames spread with lightning rapidity and all sorts of small game is burned before it has time to escape. Yet much does escape, and as the snakes flee in panic and bob out of the threatened field they are netted and placed in boxes ready for shipment to various parts of the country where they are exhibited.

A far more interesting way of catching these deadly creatures is that employed by the snake charmers. Whether another species of snake would be influenced by the strains of music is not known, but it has been seen repeatedly by the most credible authorities that the Indian can, and does, charm the cobra simply by playing to it on a sort of rough flute or pipe. The following incident happened in Bombay, where an English civilian found a huge cobra quartered in a dried-up cistern. The cistern was filled with water and the snake was practically useless.

The fight between the men and the big snake is one of endurance solely. With every ounce of strength in his Herculean frame the 250 to 300 pound monster hauls his coils like tremendous springs, trying to shake off the unwelcome load that is holding him in grim death to his mighty frame. With arms locked about the thick body the men hang on, refusing to be shaken off, and gradually the giant snake is tired until his coils weaken more and more, and at last the captive can be borne away like a long piece of piping or like a section of a giant fire hose.

and the time of its birth—when it was
the old home of the author—when it
was the place where he wrote his
first book, "The Story of the
American People." It was the
place where he first met his wife,
and where they were married.
It was the place where he
spent his boyhood, and where he
lived for many years.
It was the place where he
spent his old age, and where he
died.

BAGDAD, THE WATCH TOWER OF THE EAST

The Land of the Forty Thieves. By Marco Polo.

WHEN British guns came pounding at the age-old walls of Bagdad, ancient home of Sinbad the Sailor and Haroun-al-Raschid, a new epoch began in the history of this long dormant Middle East. The romantic city of golden minarets and languorous dreams awoke to new life—to play a big, eventful part in the giant upheaval that is changing the map of the world. Gone forever, now, is that favorite phrase, "The Changeless East."

For fifty years—previous to 1914—the nations of Europe had kept consuls and spies in the famous city on the Tigris—alert and watchful for "The Day" inevitable. The Russian was there, bearded, gold-braided, pompous in his jingling "droshky"—riding to pay his official calls on the Wall Pasha at the gloomy old Beral, his glittering staff and outriders galloping ahead to shout "Barik!" (Make Way!) at muttering beggars and whining eunuchs who loitered in the narrow streets of the redolent bazaar. So, also, the British resident stood guard, watchful of England's interests, holding court in a palatial residency that looms boldly above the swirling Tigris. And, by an old treaty of a century ago, the Briton aroused the envy of his consular colleagues by keeping a company of Shiks as a consular guard, and a little gunboat that lay at anchor in the Tigris—subject to his beck and call.

The Kaiser's consul was there too—speaking all the dialects of the Middle East, smoking water pipes with Turkish officials, his ear to the ground for the first rumbles of the conflict which—as every one knew—must some day sweep this old haunt of Cyrus, Herodotus, and Alexander.

They were a busy, intriguing, plotting lot—these political consuls, in those pregnant days before the great war. They visited and cultivated the various Arab Sheiks, the mullahs and mujaheds at the holy Shia cities of Kerbeia and Nedje; they mapped the country, and gathered useful information about roads, wells, date forests, oil and mineral deposits; they learned where forage could be had, where mules and camels could be found in numbers large enough for use in transporting military supplies.

One army officer—a Britisher who had learned Arabic in Egypt—stained his skin with walnut juice, donned Arab clothing, mounted a camel and joined the "Ha" (pilgrim caravan) across the desert for the Holy City of Mecca. His particular caravan was attacked and cut up by nomad Bedouins, who took the plucky Englishman prisoner and carried him about with them for months, over the desert. When he finally escaped, and made his way back to Bagdad, his own people at the Residency at first refused to receive him! They had long since given him up for lost. But what this brave man learned during his life among the Bedouins had undoubtedly been of enormous value to the present British Mesopotamian expedition.

And they tell of another spy—a Russian cavalry officer—who pretended to be a deserter. He quit his post at Bakum, and made his way down into the Lake Van country of Northern Asiatic Turkey, and there cast his risky lot with the turbulent Kurds. His horsemanship, his ability to play stringed instruments, and his amazing Russian aptitude for picking up different dialects speedily won him a warm welcome among the Kurds. And he lived with them—until he got what he had come for. Today, probably largely to this one brave man's hard work, Russja is indebted for the help the wild Kurds have given her in hammering her way into Turkey.

The French Consul was there also, and the Persian, and the Italian—each on his own secretive, mysterious mission. Among all the sleek, well-tailored, polite and smiling corps, only Uncle Sam's Consul had no axe to grind. He, like Caesar's wife, was above suspicion. Till then entangling European alliances were not for us; and the American Consul had only to sign invoices for rugs, for wool, and for dates destined for the U.S.A.—and for licorice root. For, be it known, we get the flavoring for our plug tobacco from the root of the licorice bush, which grows in profusion along the Tigris.

It was the German, however, in those days of plans and preparations, who seemed

to be getting results. The Sultan sent his young officers to Berlin for military training. About the garrison at Bagdad, Aleppo and Mosul, German was freely spoken; Arab recruits did the "goose step" on the burning drill-ground sands, and on the Sultan's birthday and other Turkish feasts—when imposing troop reviews were held—it was the German military formation and maneuvers that were staged for the admiring Mohammedan populace.

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land has made to reach Bagdad from the south.

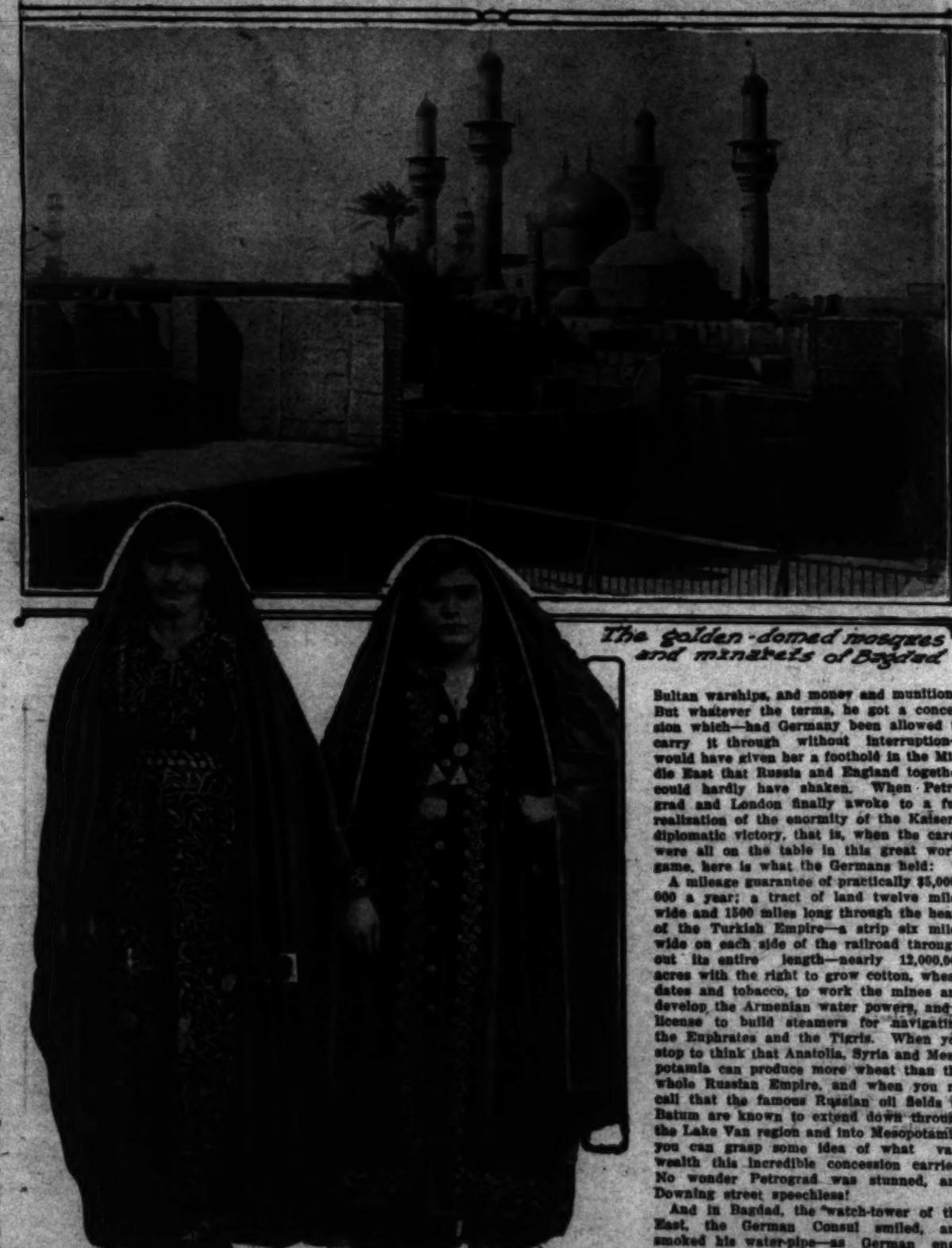
The Great Bagdad Railway.

For years ambitious British statesmen had dreamed of a great railway, fusing from Calais across Europe and down over the burning sands of Asiatic Turkey and along the Persian littoral, linking up Bombay and Calcutta—a rail route to India. Long before Curzon's time it was talked of

opened; that is, work was begun on the Baghdad railroad. But it was the Germans who began it! Most extraordinary! What the Sultan Gave the Kaiser.

To this day no one knows for

To this day, no one knows just what magic the Kaiser worked on the "sick man" at Stamboul. Maybe he promised to help Turkey win back Egypt—and to push her hooked nose far north into the flaming Balkans. Peradventure he promised the



Two women of Kiboko, non-Melanesians.

Looming largest among all Germany's diplomatic triumphs in Turkey, at that time, was the famous Bagdad Railway concession. And, if ever a fair, impartial history of the causes of the great war is written, a big chapter in the first part of the book will have to be entitled "The Bagdad Railway Scheme." It was a tremendous world-rocking project, this Bagdad railway. And when you see what it contemplated you will not wonder at the sacrifices.

British journalists, traveling by camel from Bagdad to Damascus, wrote interesting articles to "The Thunderer," and various learned F.R.C.E.'s arose to address honorable secretaries and members. It was "rather well understood, you know," that such a railway should be built, to the rest of Europe with His Majesty's Indian Empire, and, of course, England would have to do the job, when she got good and ready. But at this point something interesting happened.

Sultan warships, and money and munitions. But whatever the terms, he got a concession which—had Germany been allowed to carry it through without interruption—would have given her a foothold in the Middle East that Russia and England together could hardly have shaken. When Petrograd and London finally awoke to a full realization of the enormity of the Kaiser's diplomatic victory, that is, when the cards were all on the table in this great world game, here is what the Germans held:

game, here is what the Germans held: A mileage guarantee of practically \$5,000,000 a year; a tract of land twelve miles wide and 1500 miles long through the heart of the Turkish Empire—a strip six miles wide on each side of the railroad throughout its entire length—nearly 12,000,000 acres with the right to grow cotton, wheat, dates and tobacco, to work the mines and develop the Armenian water power, and a license to build steamers for navigating the Euphrates and the Tigris. When you stop to think that Anatolia, Syria and Mesopotamia can produce more wheat than the whole Russian Empire, and when you recall that the famous Russian oil fields of Batum are known to extend down through the Lake Van region and into Mesopotamia, you can grasp some idea of what vast wealth this incredible concession carried. No wonder Petrograd was stunned, and Downing street speechless!

Downing street speechless!

And in Bagdad, the "watch-tower of the East," the German Consul smiled, and smoked his water-pipe—as German engineers, with rolls of maps, and transitis, and pith helmets, began pouring in. While others had dreamed, the Germans were sawing wood. Now dirt began to fly; and as months passed, the Bagdad railway began to crawl—to crawl from Stamboul out to the Konia, to Burighuriou, towards the Euphrates—and, building out from Bagdad, to the north, toward Mossul. Thus it followed the oldest caravan route in all history; it ran in the worn paths of the early Greeks and Persians; it followed the wake of Cyrus and Alexander, cleaving the Median Wall and invading the old haunts of Adam and Eve, of Abraham and Nebuchad-



KING GEORGE AND THE BULLDOGS OF THE ALLIES.

ALLIES WILL WIN THE WAR IN 1918.

An Expert Analysis. By Frank H. Simonds.

Author of "The Great War," "They Shall Not Pass."

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Simonds, the author of this article, stands alone as a writer on the military strategy of this war. He is a civilian but from childhood has been a student of the art and science of war. His articles are regarded as authoritative by military men.]

THIS year has been marked by Allied failure. The high hope of August 1, 1916, had not been realized, the Russian revolution had paralyzed the Allied campaign of 1917 and the Rumanian collapse had terminated the last Allied hope of success in the Balkans. These things pointed out in their relation to the purpose of the Allies.

Yet it seems to me, looking the situation squarely in the face and accepting the statement of naval experts, that unless the submarine menace is mitigated materially, if not actually abolished, there must be an end to the war by October, 1918, at the earliest, and February, 1919, at the latest. There is still every reason to believe that before the end of the campaigning season of 1918—that is, by November 1—the military situation of Germany will be such that she will be compelled to seek peace on terms that will mean a clear and unmistakable defeat for her and for those policies which have roused the civilized world against her.

In the present article I am going to try to set down these reasons, because I do not share the present feeling of depression which has resulted from the Russian collapse. For, disappointing as this has been, I do not believe it has done more than delay the decision for a year.

Germany's Terrible Losses.

First of all the reasons why I am satisfied that Germany will not last until November

i, 1918, is the magnitude of her losses. German casualty lists, as we now obtain them, show a total loss in killed, captured and wounded of 4,500,000. The figure is too low by 500,000, I believe; but, accepting it for the moment, it shows this: 1,100,000 Germans have been killed, 600,000 are missing or prisoners. Here is an immediate absolute loss of 1,700,000. Of the 2,800,000 remaining casualties, not more than 60 per cent. have been returned to the firing line, and despite various claims this is a high estimate. This adds 1,100,000 to the permanent loss, which makes it 2,800,000.

Now, France has with extreme effort succeeded in mobilizing approximately one-sixth of her population. Germany may have done a little better—but not much. Her advantage in this respect would be due to her use of populations of conquered districts and prisoners. Granted that Germany has been able to mobilize one-sixth of her population, this must be reckoned on the basis of nineteen years ago; that is, the year in which the boys now nineteen were born, for this is obviously the year that is appropriate. German population then was not 70,000,000, nor even 60,000,000; it was nearer 55,000,000. Thus, at the maximum Germany has been able to muster not much more than 9,000,000.

In the case of France, we know that about one-third of the men mobilized have been removed by death, disability or capture. This would mean, in the case of Germany, 3,000,000, which corresponds roughly with the calculation of 2,800,000 drawn from the German official lists, which are far behind the fact—that is, are slow in publication.

Now, the French have, as we are told by

their representatives in this country, 2,700,000 men left in the field. This means, roughly speaking, that 1,500,000—almost one-fourth—have been kept out of the army for munitions works, transport and all necessary labor. Apply the figures to the Germans, and we shall get somewhere about 2,200,000. Now, to recapitulate. The Germans had 9,000,000 men available, at most: 2,800,000 have been put out by capture, disability and death, 2,200,000 are retained in necessary industries; the total is 5,000,000, and there are left 4,000,000, or, making still greater concessions, say 4,500,000. Of this number, 2,500,000, at the least, are on the western front, 750,000 on the eastern front and 250,000 elsewhere in the Balkans and doing necessary garrison and guard work. That leaves somewhere between 500,000 and 1,000,000 of reserves.

Now, the official German lists show casualties of over 1,500,000 in the last twelve months. For the next twelve months the Germans will have only a reserve supply of 1,000,000, at the least. And in the next year many hundred thousand American troops will be added to the western line.

By contrast, the British and French, with their allies, now have upward of 5,000,000 troops on the western front facing the 2,500,000 Germans. In addition, the British still have more than 1,500,000 of reserves, the French have practically none and the United States has whatever we can get to the firing line between now and August 1, 1918.

It is quite clear, then, that even if Russia quits the war Germany cannot, by bringing all her eastern troops west, equal the French and British numbers. As to transferring

Austrians, granted it were possible, which is unlikely, Italy has sufficient reserves to send more troops to France than Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey combined. I dwell on this detail because in certain quarters, and for obvious purposes, great importance is being attached to this detail.

Must Choose Between Disasters.

It is, in point of fact, unlikely that Russia will make peace. If she does not, very few German troops and no Austrian can be moved west. The truth is that the eastern line has already been skinned so deeply that the Russians were able to accomplish much before their recent offensive collapsed.

Now, given the figures which I have set forth, I believe that before next July the Germans will have to choose between a wide retreat in the west and a great disaster—the disaster which came to Lee in 1864, when he remained too long in the lines about Richmond and to Napoleon when he kept his armies in Eastern Germany after Dresden, in 1813. And a wide retreat must be, as Napoleon's retreat after Leipzig, a confession of defeat.

So much for the question of men. Germany has not the reserves for another great offensive. She has not the reserves to last another year of such pounding as the last, and her western foes, with the help of the United States, have the men. Before the year is over I am satisfied the British will give us a new and convincing evidence of the real situation.

As to guns, the Germans have been outgunned in the west for more than a year. Their own official reports have again and again conceded this. Fewer guns mean

greater casualties—as it breakdown by German 25,000 at Ypres and battles, tog

On the m likely that another ye greater sub mean ruin years more suffering. C moral effect will not b weigh. German Co

Looking t this: Ever loses more. She is be Great Brit Right Hon Minister of Au ago how G particularly dries, l where it same thin pire. It h It is begin States, an happened the Britis

Each m continues. agents and Germany" war; in P Zeppelin where hat

The Ger interests in the porm Bagdad st torpois to and the c man prod longed w with the American

